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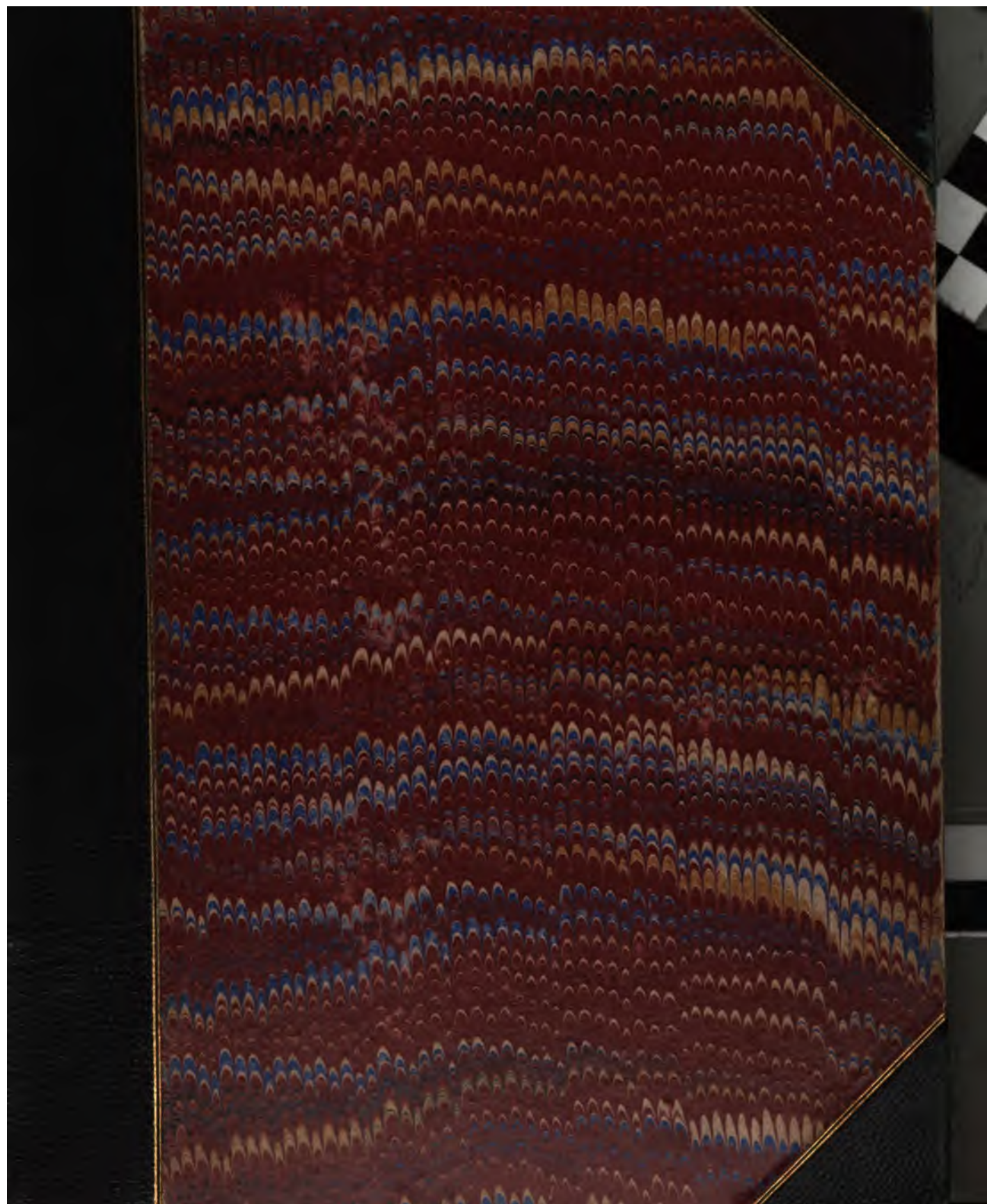
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OCCASIONAL ISSUES  
OF  
UNIQUE  
OR  
VERY RARE BOOKS.

EDITED, WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS,  
BY THE  
REV. ALEXANDER B. GROSART, LL.D. (EDINB.), F.S.A.  
ST. GEORGE'S, BLACKBURN, LANCASHIRE.

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*IN SEVENTEEN VOLUMES.*

VOL. XIII.

- ✓ (a) ANTHONY SCIOLOKER'S "Daiphantos, or The Passions of Love," etc.  
(1604.)  
✓ (b) DOLARNY'S "Primerose," etc. (1606.)  
✓ (c) THOMAS BASTARD'S Poems. (1566-1618.)

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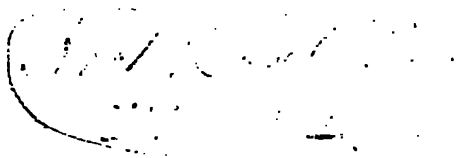
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XXIX

I.  
DAIPHANTVS,  
OR  
The Passions of Love, etc.  
(1604.)

By ANTHONY SCOLOKER, Gentleman.

II.  
DOLARNYS PRIMEROSE,  
ETC.  
(1606.)

By JOHN RAYNOLDS.

EDITED, WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS,  
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*Arch. B. H. B.*  
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## INTRODUCTION.

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### I. ANTHONY SCOLOKER.

**I**N the reign of Edward VI. (1547 onward) a Printer and Translator named ANTHONY SCOLOKER is familiar to Bibliophiles. His books — mostly tiny — are of the extremest rarity and consequent costliness. Neither the British Museum nor the Bodleian can boast of exemplars of very many of them. In the former I have read these two :

#### **A Godly**

dyſputacion betwene a Chriſten Shoemaker, and a Popyſhe Parſon with two other Perſones more, done within the famous Citie of Norembourgh.

Translated out of y<sup>e</sup> Germayne tongue into Englyſhe. By Anthony Scoloker.

Imprynted at London

by Anthony Scoloker. And

Wyllyam Seres.

Dwellynge

wythout

Alderſ-

gate.

Anno. 1548.

¶ Cum Gratia et Priuilegio Impri-  
mendum ſolum.

(48 ſmall leaves — B. M. 3932, c.)

## A Nota

ble collection of diuers and fō-  
dry places of the sacred scriptures  
which make to the declaratyon of  
the Lordes Prayer, Comenly  
called the Pater  
noster.

Gathered by the famous Clerke Master  
Peter viret Frenchman.

And translated oute of Frenche into In-  
glyshe, by Anthony Scoloker. The  
viij. Daye of June. Anno  
1548.

IMPRINTED

at London by Anthony Scoloker  
Dwelling wythout Alderfgate  
And Wyllŷa Seres Dwel-  
lyng In the Elye-  
rentes in hul-  
borne.

¶ Cum Gratia et priuilegio ad Impremendo  
folum, Per Septennium.

(32 leaves — woodcuts.)

In the latter, there is a copy of the following: "The prayse and commendacion of suche as sought commonwelthes: and to the cōtrary, the ende and discommendacion of such as sought priuate welthes. Gathered both out of the Scripture and Phylosophers. Prov. xiiij. 7. Imprinted at London. Dwelling in the Saveyrēts wythout Temple barre. Cum priuilegio solum" (*n.d.*). Dibdin's *Ames, s.n.*, records these: (a) A Right Goodly rule how all Faythfull Christyans ought to occupye and exerceyse themselues in their dayly prayers. Luke xxii. Math. vi. Christ teacheth vs in his Gospell, saying, Pray that ye fall not into temptation. With cuts. Imprinted by

Anthony Scoloker. Dwelling in St Botolphs paryshe. 1548. (b) The Right institution of baptisme sett forth by the Reverend Father in Christ Herman Archebisshop of Coleyne. Whereunto is also annexed a godly treatyse of Matrimonie, compyled by the famous Clerke and faithfull Evangelist Wolfgangus Musculus, no lesse frutefull thē necessary for all godly ministers of christes church, translated by the vnprofitable seruant of Christ Richard Ryce. ¶ S. Mark. ¶ Suffer the infantes to come vnto me, and forbidde them not, for vnto such the kyngdome of God is due. Imprinted by Anthony Scoloker. Dwelling in S. Botolphs Parish wythout Aldersgate (*n.d.*). (c) The Olde Fayth of greate Brittain and the newe learnynge of Inglande (*n.d.*). (d) The Ordenarye for all faythfull Christians to lead a vertuous and godly lyfe here in this vale of miserie. Translated out of Dutch into Ingylsh by Anthony Scoloker (*n.d.*). (e) Pyers Plowmans Exortation (*n.d.*). Watt (*s.n.*) gives these, (f) A certaine and sure Declaration that the World is at an ende, &c. Of the last day of Iudgement, or day of dome, and howe it shal come to passe. Translated out of the Germaine tongue. Ipswich 1547 (16mo). (g) Certaine Preceptes out of Zwingilius. Ipswich 1548 (16mo). (h) Sermons by Luther, Ochine, &c. 1548. It were not difficult to extend these lists from other Bibliographers and Arber's Stationers' Hall Register, and the like. It will be noticed that in the first two books whose title-pages are given, he is associated with William Seres. The "Disputation betweene a Christen Shomaker and a Popyshe Parson" is racy and even sparkling with humour. It is proof that the translator (Scoloker himself) had command of excellent idiomatic English. Unfortunately none of the authorities from whom we might reasonably expect information on the early English Printer and Translator gives us one iota. Neither have I been able at Ipswich to obtain one gleam of light upon him save this, that the imprint of *A ryght notable Sermon* by Luther in 1548 runs, "Im-

printed at Ippeswich by Anthony Scoloker dwellynge in S. Nycholas Paryshe." One thing lies on the surface, that he was a Protestant, and in thorough sympathy with the 'evangelical' teaching of the Reformers as distinguished from the superstitions and credulities of an effete Romanism.

I have gone back on this ancient Worthy because the probabilities are that our Anthony Scoloker was of his *kin*. Both Christian and surname being alike could scarcely be accidental or independent. But at present we can only surmise. I shall continue my researches, and in my intended supplementary part of Notes and Illustrations to the entire series of these Occasional Issues, it is my hope to be able to add something biographical.

Turning now from the man to his (apparently) one surviving book — herewith reproduced — there are two things in *Daiphantus* that warrant us in claiming special attention to it from all lovers and students of our early poetical literature. The first is the Shakespereana in it; the second, that the 'Passionate Mans Pilgrimage' at its close, was the first publication of this pathetic poem of Sir Walter Raleigh. I would, in the outset, notice these two things :

1. SHAKESPEREANA. In the facetious and quaint Epistle-dedicatory — by much, the best English of the whole book — there is (p. 3, l. 6 from bottom) this pleasant naming of Shakespeare — "to come home to the vulgars Element, like Friendly Shake-speares Tragedies, where the Commedian rides, when the Tragedian stands on Tip-toe." That word 'Friendly' is suggestive of personal knowledge and even condescending interest in the Writer. Again: The little paragraph continues, "Faith it should please all, like Prince Hamlet. But in fadnesse, then it were to be feared he would runne mad: Infooth I will not be moone-sicke, to please : nor out of my wits though I displeafed all." Further: There is an elaborated delineation of the Lover-lunatic or lunatic-Lover,

wherein Hamlet and Tasso (then dead 'mad,' only recently, 1595) are introduced. Let the reader turn to p. 35, st. 2, "At length he grew," &c., and go forward to close of p. 38. In my judgment, the whole substance and suggestion of this extremely noticeable passage—whereof mere snips have been taken (two stanzas) by Douce, Furness, Ingleby, and others—make it clear that the impression made on Scoloker and the 'vulgar,' or people generally, was, (1) That Hamlet went mad, (2) That his madness was rooted in broodings over his 'revenge.' Then (3) The appearance of 'Prince Hamlet' (p. 36, st. 3, ll. 5-6) seems decisive, that Burbage, the great actor, dressed for the part as a mad-man. This he never would have ventured to do without Shakespeare's sanction; and so (*meo judicio*) the thing determines itself, whatever be our theory of Hamlet's insanity, real and assumed. Shakespeare-students will find it rewarding to think-out the present vivid portraiture of the lover-lunatic in its completeness.

These notelets on the passage may find a place here :

Page 35, st. 3, l. 5, 'it' = itself.

„ 36, st. 1, l. 2, '*Siege of Brest*' = by Henry IV. (held by Spain) in 1594 ;  
*ib.*, st. 2, l. 6, '*than*' = then ; *ib.*, st. 3, ll. 1-2, Query — Is it a consequence of Hamlet's player's speech ? *ib.*, l. 3 = proves that their Poets, even their best-poets, are bawds ; *ib.*, ll. 5-6 — a noteworthy record of how 'Prince Hamlet' was then in certain scenes acted, as thus annotated by Miss L. Toulmin Smith in the new edition of Dr. Ingleby's *Centurie of Prayse* (1879)—"The last two lines give a curious glimpse of how Hamlet appeared on the stage in Shakespeare's day ; the writer probably means that he wore nothing over his shirt, or, as we should say, appeared "in his shirt sleeves" (p. 64) ; *ib.*, l. 6, '*He haue reuenge, or harrow up my will*' = tear to pieces, destroy — another Hamlet word, *e.g.*, "It *harrows* me with fear and wonder" (i, 1), and "lightest word would *harrow up* my soul" (i, 5). Cf. *Coriolanus* (v, 3) 'harrow Italy'.

„ 37, st. 4, l. 6, '*rent*'—we should rather say 'rend,' *rent* being used as active, and in present imperative.

Once more : at p. 11, st. 4, l. 3, we have a reminiscence of *Romeo and Juliet* (i, 5) "Or, a faire Iewell by an Ethiope worne," which is only a slight variation on "a rich jewel in

an Ethiop's ear." Similarly—at p. 29, st. 4, l. 1, 'Oh, I would weare her, in my hearts heart-gore,' sends us to *Hamlet* (iii, 2)—where in 1604, quarto, as in the folio of 1623, we read:

‘and I will weare him  
In my harts core, I in my hart of hart.’

Of course 'gore' is a misprint in *Daiphantus* for 'core.' Mr. J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps, in his recently-issued *Memoranda on the Tragedy of Hamlet*—for a gift-copy of which I am grateful—observes, "the corresponding passage in Shakespeare being found in the edition of 1604, not in that of 1603" (p. 54). *Daiphantus* was published in 1604. It does not appear in the *Stationers' Register*. It is to be recalled, that at p. 4, l. 25, 'if he haue caught up half a Line of others' prepares us for finding just such Shakespeare reminiscences as the foregoing in it. Elsewhere, words common to Shakespeare and contemporaries occur, *e.g.*, 'render,' as = afford, grant, in p. 15, l. 9. See Schmidt, *s.v.*: 'Mappe of sorrow,' p. 39, l. 2—'map of woe' of Titus Andronicus (iii, 2). It is impossible, with present lights, to say what distinction was meant by the single as against the double commas, as on p. 15. It is quite certain that neither served as quotation marks.

2. PASSIONATE MAN'S PILGRIMAGE. In the Ven. Archdeacon Hannah's *Courtly Poets from Raleigh to Montrose* (1870), this poem is headed by him "Sir Walter Raleigh's Pilgrimage, *circ.* 1603"? In relative foot-note he further informs us—"In *MS.*, Ashm. 38, No. 70, it is entitled, 'Verses made by Sr Walter Raleigh the night before he was be-headed'; a date probably taken by inference from the closing lines. In a *MS.* belonging to the late Mr. [William] Pickering, the title is the same as is here given from the old editions of Raleigh's 'Remaines.' There are many other early copies; in the last of which the two concluding lines are omitted" (p. 27).<sup>\*</sup> The Archdeacon was unaware at the

<sup>\*</sup> This couplet runs:

"Of death and judgment, heaven and hell,  
Who oft doth think, must needs die well."

time that the poem had been printed so early as 1604 along with *Daiphantus*. The fact that it did so appear gives us the tantalizing information that Anthony Scoloker must have been so intimate with the illustrious Raleigh as to have obtained this poem from him for publication, which—added to the other that he could speak of ‘Friendly Shakespeare’—makes us yearn for more knowledge of him. The publication, in 1604, of the poem demolishes the Ashmolean *M.S.* inscription. But as Archdeacon Hannah writes me—“He was found guilty in 1603 by the jury; he was sentenced to death by the Chief Justice; and his reference to his probably impending death was therefore more than rhetorical.” The poem is doubtless accurately dated 1603. The hastiest Reader discerns the infinite superiority of the *Passionate Mans Pilgrimage* to *Daiphantus* at its best, so that, though the title-page is ambiguous, it can scarcely be doubted that to Raleigh, not to Scoloker, it belongs. It is easily to be understood, that the great Prisoner would not care to have his name appear as author of the poem. The various readings between the text in *Daiphantus* and that in *Courtly Poets* are not important. A few may be recorded: p. 49, l. 9, ‘a white [=pallid] Palmer’ is preferable to ‘quiet palmer,’ and perhaps ‘Trauels to’ to ‘Trauelleth towards’ (l. 10), and ‘And drinke my eternali fill’ to ‘And drink mine everlasting fill’ Certainly (p. 50, l. 1) ‘And’ is better than ‘Then,’ and ‘That haue shooke off their gownes of clay’ to ‘That haue cast off their rags of clay.’ The pathetic portrait of Sir John Eliot, taken a few days before his death, shows the kind of ‘gown’ State-prisoners wore. In l. 4, for our ‘goe’ the other reads ‘waik,’ and l. 5, for our ‘bring’ is ‘take,’ and for ‘flake’ is ‘quench,’ and l. 7 reads ‘And taste of nectar suckets.’ In l. 13, for our ‘holy’ the other reads ‘blessed.’ Other variations make the lines less rythmical. The allusions ‘p. 50, l. 22, to the ‘King’s attorney,’ and the line ‘blood must be my body’s balmer’—which contains a double allusion to his mode of (expected) death—are of those



an Ethiop's ear." Similarly—at p. 29. —should add  
would weare her, in my hearts heart—perhaps  
*Hamlet* (iii, 2)—where in 1604, quarto—perhaps in this  
1623, we read:

‘and I will weare  
In my harts core, I in my hart

Of course ‘gore’ is a misprint in *Daiphantus*.  
J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps, in his recension of the poem with  
*on the Tragedy of Hamlet*—for a—of our literary  
grateful—observes, “the correspondences—confirms his  
speare being found in the edition—leading in our  
1603” (p. 54). *Daiphantus* was—point of death,’  
not appear in the *Stationers’ Register*—he ‘supposed’  
that at p. 4, l. 25, ‘if he haue cut—man’s axe.  
prepares us for finding just such—there are a few points  
as the foregoing in it. Elsewhere—I would notice  
speare and contemporaries

grant, in p. 15, l. 9. See—evidently the Poet had  
p. 39, l. 2 = ‘map of woe’—his’ = is with  
impossible, with present—Notes and Illustrations, in  
meant by the single as—‘in Scotland pro-  
15. It is quite certain th—‘prepared by Scotchmen,  
frequent one). In Dr.

2. PASSIONATE MARRIAGE  
deacon Hannah’s C—  
(1870), this poem is  
*Pilgrimage, circa*—  
informs us—“In *Di-*  
made by Sr Wal-  
headed’; a date—  
ing lines. In a—  
Pickering, the—  
editions of *Ra-*  
early copies;  
are omitted”

• This couplet

to give sense here, we must  
must be ‘negative’, and that fond  
must be an adverb of the metre.

- stock comparison. See *Dream* and Chester's *Love's* apparently means 'he courted' it that [he was] not lov'd, it stanza.
- better sense if we read 'he,' the sun and her throughout. When two suns. Cf. also l. 5, as to who nature [,].
- as a fashion of the time, and is several Author; l. 11, '*Faires*' = fairies.
- embryon—used incorrectly for womb or his tears is his heart; l. 12, '*too too*'—as Shakespeare and later; *ibid*, ll. 21-22, obscure.
- secured turns to madness—but irrelevant and
- '*frieze*' = he [shall] burne, frieze, &c.; l. 13—rb and ought to have been printed 'ieft.'
- '*three*'—here 'three'—there being only 'two'—is introduced to make up the rhyme.
- used, *r.g.*—glidde, is = bright or shining.
- quitted. The word ending in the consonant t the d sees. Many instances of this occur in Shakespeare, as 'ieft' in *Tempest* for 'quitted.' So in next line '*spight*' is for 'spighted' = spited.
- scan badly, and so elsewhere.
- delete [,] after 'harne.'
- 14, '*His Verses ceaz'd her*,' or rather 'she seized them'; l. 17, '*Mottoes*'—odd use of the word.
- 4, '*and*'—query in sleep?
- ll. 19-24. See my edition of Nicholas Breton for kindred 'sweet singing' with semi-refrain.
- 26, l. 14, '*Art and Nature froue*'—recalls the lines under Shakespeare's portrait.
- 33, l. 6—what connection with preceding? l. 22, '*incomber*'—a vicious and unusual use of the word. It was chosen to rhyme to 'slumber,' and as seeming to give sense. The numerals in this stanza are for the reader to see not to pronounce. They are = asterisk, &c., that refer to lines and names, 1, 2, 3, 4. So page 44.
- 36, l. 1—either 'Beare' or 'Beares'—better former; l. 3, '*against the heare*' = hair = contrary (to what they ought).
- 39, l. 23, '*writ*'—query, 'read'?
- 42, l. 4 = 'not [been] afear'd.'
- 44, l. 10, '*sustained*' = held up [by her].
- 47, l. 2, '*high*' = high.

I do not claim anything like genius for Anthony Scoloker as the poet of *Daiphantus*; but apart from those details that must ever impart to it rare interest, there are occasional *bits* that shew a certain fine touch. Glancing over it one notes this verse-portrait :

" His face was faire, full comely was his feature,  
Lip't like the Cherrie, with a Wantons eye :  
A *Mars* in anger, yet a *Venus* Creature,  
Made part of *Cynthia*, most of *Mercurie* :  
A pittied foule, so made of *Loue* and hate,  
Though still belou'd, in *Loue* vnfortunate."

Companion to this is p. 11, st. 2 :

" Her beautie pearlesse, pearlesse is her minde,  
Her body matchlesse, matchlesse are her thoughts :  
Her selfe but one, but one like her we finde,  
Her wealth's her vertue : (such vertue is not bought)  
, This is a heauen on earth, makes her diuine ;  
, This is the Sunne, obscures where it doth thin[e]."

So too st. 4 on same page :

" As a blacke vaile vpon the wings of morne,  
Brings forth a day as cleere as *Venus* face,  
Or, a faire Iewell by an *Ethiope* worne,  
Inricheth much the eye, which it doth grace,  
Such is her beautie, if it well be told,  
Plac't in a Iettie Chariot fet with gold."

This recalls Sidney's *Stella* in her radiant and dazzling and unique beauty. There are, sometimes, well-put single lines, *e.g.*, "A fained Loue, must find a fained pittie," and "Whose once a villaine, still is counted foule" (p. 15). So throughout. There is all too often merest 'padding,' and as often obscure irrelevancies and inartistic words; but after every deduction *Daiphantus* is a poem that deserves our revival of it, all the more that the few copies (30) printed for the 'Roxburghe Club,' in 1818, by Sir Roger Wilbraham, are not to be had at any price, whilst our text by recurrence to the original in the Bodleian (accounted unique) is purer. It must be added that the *Daiphantus* of our Author had no relation to the Theban of the name who was slain at the battle of Mantinea, B.C. 362, so pathetically associated with Epaminondas.

## II. JOHN RAYNOLDS.

In the British Museum catalogue under John Reynolds, there is added "Merchant at Exeter," while in Mr. W. C. Hazlitt's *Handbook to the Popular, Poetical and Dramatic Literature of Great Britain, from the Invention of Printing to the Restoration* (1867), he is described as "of the Mint in the Tower." Confirmatory of the former is a statement in the dedication of a first portion of his largest work, *The Triumph of God's Revenge against Murther*, to Buckingham, that it had been "sent from beyond seas" to the Printer—thereby suggesting that he may have belonged to a somewhat numerous class of Englishmen at the period, known as "*Merchant-adventurers*." I have come on nothing connecting him with the 'Mint,' or rather I am not satisfied that the little volume of *Tables of Gold and Silver Coins* (1651) is by him, as I feel all but certain that the *Epigrammatz. Auctora Ioanne Reinoldo in LL. Baccalaureo Novi Collegii Socio* (1611), was by another of the same name. There are manifold indications in his known books, that he had received no academic training—spite of the motto from Seneca and a familiar proverbial saying in title-page—albeit he must have picked up a certain amount of knowledge of living languages in, probably, his voyaging 'beyond seas.' In 1622, the same year that he published the first portion of his *Triumph of God's Revenge against Murther*, he had issued a translation of Refuges' *Treatise of the Court* (London 1622). He thus refers to it in his epistle-dedicatory to Charles I. of the completed edition of *God's Revenge* in 1635: "I am the rather emboldened to this Confidence, because I have formerly adventured the like, when to your Princely View, being then the Second Hope of this Kingdome, I (about eleven years since) presented a Translation of a Worke of Monsieur de Refuges, intituled A Treatise of the Court; the Gracious and Undeserved Acceptance whereof, if it hath inspired me with farther Courage, to present you (now advanced to a greater State) with a greater

treatise of mine owne Labour, your Majestie will not (I hope) condemne me of groundlesse Presumption." One other book by him is of importance and interest in relation to *Dolarnys Primerose*—now herewith reproduced—for, though a poor story in poor fantastic prose, it contains a series of poems in which the same phrasing and peculiarity of wording that are found in it, abound throughout. As a story, this book, *The Flower of Fidelitie* (1650), is as poor as possible, its style being a deteriorated *Enphuism*, and its sentiments mere trashy sentimentalism; but unless I much mistake, there are things in the poems not unworthy of resurrection. Accordingly I would, at this point, furnish these poems in the order of their occurrence. The following is the title-page :

The  
FLOVVER  
of  
FIDELITIE  
*Displaying*  
In a Continue Historie,  
The various Adventures of  
Three Foreign  
Princes.  
By  
JOHN REYNOLDS,  
Author of that Excellent Historie  
Entituled  
[*God's Revenge against Murther*]  
London,  
Printed by T. M. and A. C. for *George Badger*,  
and are sold at his Shop in *S. Dunstons*  
Church-yard in *Fleet-Street*. 1650.

B. M. [E 1236] *MS.* [May 11].

There comes next a singular epistle-dedicatory :

*Epistle-dedicatory.*

"To the right Worshipful, his loving Father-in-law, *Richard Waltham*  
Esquire, and Justice of Peace and Quorum in the County of  
*Devon* : John Reynolds, your obedient sonne, *wisheth as much*  
*prosperity as the Gods can distribute, or you desire.*

If the Golden Axioms (Right Worshipful) of graue *Pyth*  
authenticall, I am then by the influence of his flow

induc'd to believe, that courtesies once received ought to be repaid with thanks; which harmonical Nectar-sentence predicating the (*Dædalian*) cittadell of my abrupt Muse, as also presenting th' *Idæa* of your kindnesse before the Theater of my contemplations; I could in conceit reap no (*Ambrosian*) applause of my capacity, until (although in *Baucis* homely dish) I had presented you with the first *April*-fruits of my cerebrosities extraction: by vertue of which audacious resolution (arming my Muse with obedience, and my Pen with submissiue humility) I have presum'd to present you this my unpolished Pamphlet, or rather to betake my Flower of Fidelitie under the (benigne) wings of your worthy patronage: the material whereof (albeit deriv'd from the Index of *Cytherea*) I have so overvailed with the maske of chaste modesty, that I hope not onely the apparition of scandalising method is abolished, but also the physnomy of superfluous amorous terms (which may not correspond with the character of your complexion) utterly raz'd out. Accept therefore worthily Worshipful, this my peevisch Pamphlet, as the pledge of my zealous affection; and grace my Flower of Fidelitie with this happinesse, to be estab'd in the fragrant Garden of your flourishing Library: so shall I esteeme my labours coroniz'd with the Laurel of content, my Muse invested with the exquisite Trophies of applause, and my selfe smother'd up in the Terrestrial Eden of fortunate delectation.

Your obedient son and devoted feruant  
John Reynolds."

Now for the successive poems:

*A sonnet sent by the Author  
to all Beauteous and Vertuous Gentlewomen.*

" You Sovereigne Nymphs, whose Crimfon-chrystal Dye,  
Obscures the taint of Juno's Lovely face, [= tint  
You which for sumptuous Princely Modesty  
Like faire Diana through the streets do trace,  
Come leave your taskes, and with a gracious looke,  
Peruse the method of my Pamphlet-Booke.

Therein doth no Lascivious phraze remaine,  
But onely sparkes of chaste FIDELITIE.  
Wherefore sweet Nymphs let me this Boone obtaine,  
That midst your triumphs in May's jollity,  
Together with your Diapred Nofegayes faire  
You will vouchsafe my faithful FLOWER to wear."

J. R.

C

*Introduction.**Excellina's Epitaph.*

" Within this Ivorie Tombe doth lie  
 The Phoenix of pure Modestie,  
 Sweet Excelline, whose Beauty rare  
 With Helen's taint may well compare ;  
 Nay, Helen's taint surpassing fure,  
 Which did the Grecians Loue procure ;  
 Being in Jove's Inperiall fight,  
 A Nymph excelling Juno bright :  
 Cut off by fatall sisters three.  
 In confluence of Love's plauditee.  
 Therefore if any passe this way,  
 With penitentiall teares doe pray,  
 That she may in th' Elizian Plaine  
 Until Eternitie remain ;  
 Still crown'd with Hearts delicious joy  
 And freed from rage of dire annoy " (pp. 34-5).

" So sit thee down accloy'd with lovely care,  
 Begert with flowers of Cytherea's fire ;  
 And to the Woods relate the taint most faire  
 Of her which did thy youthfull breast inspire :  
     And sigh and say,  
     Oh Beauty gay,  
 The causer of thy mournfull Lay !  
 Firft shew the Trees and fragrant verdant Bowers  
 The piercing looks of thy Athelia's eye ;  
 Next tell the streams, and dainty Flora's flowers,  
 The sweet Idæa of her jollity :  
     And sigh and say,  
     Oh Beauty gay,  
 The causer of thy mournful lay !  
 Then to the Sylvanes, Satyres, Nymphs divine,  
 Depaint the glistering haire, white front most pure,  
 Together with her beauty Chrystaline,  
 Which did thy Paphian torments first procure :  
     And sigh and say,  
     Oh Beauty gay,  
 The causer of thy mournful Lay !  
 Nay, to the shrine of Venus stately Throne,  
 Strain forth the praise and gracious rarity  
 Of her whose beauty made thy breast to moane  
 With plaints and teares of love's perplexity :  
     And sigh and say,  
     Oh Beauty gay,  
 The causer of thy mournful Lay ! " (pp. 43-4).

*Thalmo to Athelia.*

“ Athelia faire, the Image of my mind,  
The Miftresse of my thoughts, my heart and breast ;  
Exile th’ appearance of all frownes unkind,  
And all disdainful looks do now deuest ;  
Behold the torments of thy beantie’s power,  
Which pierc’d mine heart in an untimely houre.

Your lofty front, the Throne of Graces faire,  
Amidst whose milk-white foyles doth alwayes fleet  
Celestiall Veynes of purpled blood most rare,  
Which sometimes stray, and then again do meet ;  
Hath so inflam’d my heart with lovely fire,  
That of all Saints, your selfe I do desire.

Your splendant haire, fine threds of nature’s skill,  
Which doth obscure the brightnesse of thy funne ;  
Hath so combin’d my Heart with fancie’s fill,  
That their Idea in my thoughts do run ;  
In such strange fort, that when I think to slumber,  
A thousand lovely toyes my brains do cumber.

Your eyes like glistering Starres divinely bright,  
Do shine most faire, as having sacred power  
To draw all those which do approach their fight,  
Captives unto their beauteous prison’s Tower ;  
Amongst the rest, my selfe at first espie,  
Was forc’d to love ; wherein I meane to dye.

Your lovely cheeks within whose center spring  
Two dainty flowers, the Rose and Lily faire,  
At first espy did to my senses bring  
The thought (O thought !) of future pleasure rare ;  
Which glads my soule, and makes my heart revive,  
When as my hope into despaire doth drie.

Within my tortured breast your fanguine fight  
Hath pitched his Tent, and swears there to remain,  
And still as Gardien both by day and night,  
The keyes thereof doth vow for to retaine ;  
The faire resemblance of whose dainty view,  
Doth force my breast his Loue for to renew.

All sweet perfections, Beauty, Vertue, Grace,  
Which do adorn the April of your age,  
Do force me secretly for to imbrace,  
Your dainty selfe, to whom I do engage  
My Loue, my life, my service, constancie,  
My settled Faith, and firm Fidelity.” (pp. 54-5.)



[illegible][illegible]

The causer of thy mournful Lay !  
 Nay, to the throne of Venus stately Throne,  
 Strain forth the pride and gracious rarity  
 Of her white beauty made thy breast to moane  
 With plaints and teares of love's perplexity :  
 And sigh and fay,  
 Oh Beauty gay,  
 The causer of thy mournful Lay !" (pp. 43-4).

*Sonnet by Merisiva.*

“ Fortune is frail, and changeth with the wind,  
Riches do fade, and Beauty soon doth flie,  
Honour is drosse, and Glorie now I find  
With Time's instinct doth in oblivion die.  
What then is Riches, but a Summer's shower?  
What then is Beauty, but a Winter's-blaze?  
What then is Honour, but a Withering-flower?  
Or what is Glory, but the world's amaze?  
Riches and Beauty, Honour, Glory, all,  
Are they not subject to Time's deity?  
Yes, time doth cause their splendor for to fall  
At the assignment of his foveraignty.” (p. 73.)

*Florina.*

“ The Picture of Florina faire  
Within my Breast doth finely spring ;  
Her lovely selfe, and beauty rare  
Unto my senses joyes doth bring.  
Her sweet delightfull colour pure,  
Unto my throbbd thoughts doth send  
Some hope of constant Love secure,  
Which dainty Love I still attend.  
Her constant Eyes, like stars most bright,  
Doth alwayes shine within my minde :  
Her Lilly hew, and lovely sight,  
Printed within my breast I find.  
Her cherry-cheeks of taint most faire,  
In snow-white fields doth lurke and lie ;  
Her coral-lips like pastures rare,  
Doth force me there for food to flie.  
Her azured Veins like Rivers pure  
Through dainty foyles doth fleet and run,  
Her slender Waste did soon procure  
My stedfast love long since begun.  
Her speech most sweet unto my mind  
At all times ease for grief doth send ;  
Her pretty face, behaviour kind,  
Likewise some shew of love doth lend.  
Her modest grace, Vermilion hue,  
Like Claret-colour fair doth shew ;  
Her self, her sight, and smiles most true,  
In love with her did make me grow.

Her Beauty fair at first espie,  
 Inforc'd my mind her self to loue.  
 Therefore Florina, till I die,  
 Most constant to your self Ile prove." (pp. 89-90.)

Another :

" You little Birds, flie swiftly to my Dear,  
 And there vnfold my faithful constancy :  
 Tell her, my loyal Loue shall firm appear,  
 And while I live, all others I defie :  
 Unfold my minde, and make her know for sure,  
 Her Grace and Beauty did my Loue procure.

You whistling Winds, go tell my Mistresse fair,  
 That still til death her Beauteous self I loue ;  
 Disclose to her, that first her taint most rare,  
 To Cupid's loue my tender Breast did moue :  
 Vow, fwear and plead by right of reason's law,  
 That first her sight my Breast to loue did draw.

You sun-bright Beams of Phebus splendant light,  
 When with your golden Haire through azure skies,  
 You wipe the Dew from dainty flowers bright,  
 Go tell my Mistresse, that her piercing Eyes  
 At first prospect did so my heart inchain,  
 That constant to her still I must remain.

You pleasant Flowers which in faire Gardens spring,  
 Relate unto my sweetest saint most faire,  
 That still her absence doth annoyes me bring,  
 And alwayes doth my joy with guest impaire :  
 Go plainly tell that when I lose her sight,  
 My fun is soon obscured with darkefome night.

You stately Woods, inform my Phoenix faire,  
 That in your lofty verdant trees most tall,  
 I have with faithful Pen, as well elfwhere,  
 Engrav'd her name which first did work my thrall,  
 And written for her sake full many a time,  
 In dainty morn of Lady May's chief prime.

You Valleys fair, in midst whereof doth run,  
 Sweet silver streams of dainty water pure :  
 Go tell my goddesse, that my love begun,  
 Till death, and after death must needs endure :  
 Run swiftly, run, and fwear, till final end,  
 A thousand sighes for her sweet sake I fend. (pp. 91-2.)

*A Love-Dream.*

“ When darksome night began to veſt apace  
Her V[er]gillie Mantle on the Sun-bright day ;  
When Clouds obſcure reſolv’d to run their race,  
And with the pale-fac’d Moon to ſport and play ;  
Lo then, even then as ſlumbering on my Bed,  
A lovely Dream ore-whelm’d my drowſie head.  
Me thought I ſaw my dear Florina faire,  
Sitting alone in princely modeſt fort,  
Within the circuit of a golden Chaire ;  
Where with her tears her heauenly haire did ſport,  
In night attire, a Coif of Holland pure,  
Whereas ſhe ſigh’d, and ſometimes ſlept ſecure.  
A Cloak of milk-white Damask did ſhe beare  
All lin’d with azured Sattin end for end ;  
And likewiſe under that, a robe did wear  
Of bluſhing ſkarlet, which did to me ſend  
The ſight (faire ſight) of Velvet ſlippers pure,  
Wherein her naked Feet did reſt endure.  
Her Colour pale, and yet as Chryſtal clear,  
Did freſhly ſhine within her Angel face ;  
Her cherry Lips, wherein delight did pear,  
Again did deck her hue with lovely grace ;  
Grace ſo compleat, as Art can neuer blame,  
Nor once the like Dame Nature may not frame.  
And yet amid’ſt her Lily Cheeks did ſpring  
A bloomy Roſe of Crymſon fanguine hue ;  
Which ſight unto my gladſome breaſt did bring  
Celeſtiall joys, which did my heart ſubdue.  
Her ſplendant Eyes like ſtars divinely bright,  
Did ſhine moſt faire, within my fancie’s ſight.  
Sight, which did force my trembling ſelf to trace  
Unto the preſence of my beautilous Dear,  
Whoe when ſhe ſaw me, with a princely grace  
She rous’d her ſpirits, yet fraighted with ſome fear,  
Began to ſigh, ith’ mid’ſt her ſighes did ſay,  
Oh welcome Medor ! Feare fly now away.  
And then me thought, Oh ! I with arms outſpread  
Did ſoftly take my faire Florina kinde,  
And laid her on her dainty maiden Bed,  
Whereto in honeſt fort I alwayes lin’d, [=leaned or laid ?  
And gave her many a time, a chaſte ſweet kiſſe,  
Which then was ſole contentment of my bliſſe.

Whereas she soon with lonely teares did pray,  
 And praying blush'd, and blushing pray'd again,  
 That I would then Dame Honour's befts obey,  
 And from all Venus-toyes my felf refrain :  
 Whereto at firft I soon did condefcend,  
 And fo in talk we both the time did fpend.

At laft in trembling fort she faltring, faid,  
 Since (Parma) now thou haft perform'd my will,  
 And instantly my deare command obey'd,  
 No doubt hereafter thou fhalt joy thy fill :  
 For Jove will grant, where men aright require,  
 In honeft fort their chiefeft heart's defire.

Which having faid, away she clean did fade  
 Quite from my fight in twinkling of an eye,  
 And fo for flumbering fleep mine eyes soon made  
 The frefh Aurora quickly to efpie :  
 When day was come, I knew 'twas but a Dream,  
 Whereof the thought doth breed me woes extream."

(pp. 92-4.)

*A left Nefgay of his Lady-loue Athelia.*

" Say Crimfon-Rofe, and dainty Daffadil,  
 With Violet blew ;  
 Since you haue feen the beauty of my Saint,  
 And eke her view :  
 Did not her fight (fair fight) you louely fill  
 With fweet delight  
 Of Goddeffe grace and Angels facred taint,  
 In fine, moft bright ?  
 Say, golden Prim-rofe, fanguine Couflip faire,  
 With Pinck moft fine ;  
 Since you beheld the Vifage of my Dear,  
 And Eyes divine :  
 Did not her globy Front, and gliftering Hair,  
 With Checks moft fweet,  
 So gloriously like Damask flowers appear,  
 The gods to greet ?  
 Say, fnow-white Lily, fpeckled Gilly-flower,  
 With Daisie gay :  
 Since you haue viewed the Queen of my defire  
 In braue array :  
 Did not her Ivory Paps, fair Venus Bower,  
 With heavenly glee  
 Of Juno's grace, conjure you to require  
 Her face to fee ?

Say Rose, say Daffadil, and Violet blew,  
 with Primeroſe faire ;  
 Since you haue ſeen my Nymph's ſweet dainty face,  
 And jeſture rare :  
 Did not, bright Couſlip, bloomy Pinck, her view  
 White Lily, ſhine,  
 Ah, Gilly-flowers, and Daiſie, with a grace,  
 Like ſtars diuine?" (pp. 96-7.)

*To Athelia.*

"Earth's onely Phoenix, Map of modeſtie,  
 Angel of grace, pure Paragon of praiſe :  
 Ah, from your breaſt now baniſh cruelty,  
 That yet in fine, ſome hope I may eraiſe ! [=raise  
 Faire Saint, bright ſoueraign of my tender breaſt,  
 Sweet Nymph, Dear darling of heauen's Deity,  
 How may my Muſe with endleſſe grief oppreſt,  
 Display the pourtraict of my miſery !  
 Ah ſure, my Muſe, nor yet Parnaſſus train,  
 Cannot relate my burning heart's deſire ;  
 Becauſe in beautie's fire I doe remain,  
 Fire, which I fear will life and breaſt deſtroy.  
 Will lovely fire deſtroy both life and all ?  
 Then welcome Death, ſweet actor of my eaſe :  
 Ah, on thy ſacred influence I call,  
 Becauſe thy tortures beſt my minde doth pleaſe.  
 Come Death ! elſe, Dear, inueſt my ſuite with Loue ;  
 With Love which of your ſelf I doe implore ;  
 That ſo your baſhful ſweet conſent may moue  
 Jove's diety my life for to reſtore.  
 Elſe, Minion of my thoughts, faire Saint, farewel,  
 Farewell my joy, my breaſt's ſweet extaſie,  
 And Cupid, to the world now weeping tell,  
 That firme and conſtant to my Nymph, I dye." (pp. 98-9.)

Prayer, with the laſt :

"Imperial Cupid ! on whoſe ſhrine  
 I doe preſent my Paſſion's rage,  
 And to whoſe Altar I reſigne  
 My faithful loue, which I engage :  
 Here on my knees, I thee require  
 That my Athelia now may find  
 This baſhful Sonnet, whoſe deſire  
 Is to enjoy an anſwer kinde :

*Introduction.*

And let his fight have perfect leane  
 Her cruel Breast to mollifie ;  
 That my pretence may once receive  
 Some sacred signe of amitie." (p. 99.)

*By Florina.*

" Court harboureth Pride, whilest Country doth retain  
 Instead thereof, most rich humiliti ;  
 In Countrie's soyle, Love alwayes doth remain,  
 Whil't Court doth nourish vitious enmity :  
 Ambition still in Court doth pitch his Tent,  
 And vowes even there to make his sole demeure,  
 Whil't in the Country friendly sweet content  
 Delightfully in Peace doth rest secure." (p. 111.)

*By Florina of Medor.*

Though fortune 'reave me of thy wished fight,  
 And crosse my Love perforce 'gainst my desire ;  
 Making my night seeme day, and day seeme night,  
 And yet in both still burn in endlesse fire :  
 Nay, though I flame, yet doth my soule pretend  
 In honouring thy selfe my life to end.  
 Though time detain thee from my troubled eyes,  
 And throud my selfe for all my pale aspects,  
 Yet in thy thought my wandering hope relies,  
 And in thy absence writes Love's intellects : [=knowledge, i.e.,  
 Therefore, despite of time, thy Princely hue      piercings.  
 Shall cause my maiden-Love for to renew.

Though destiny resolve for to compell  
 My sense for to forget thy memory,  
 Or think to make my constant breast expell  
 The sweet resemblance of thine amity :  
 Yet neuer shall his power me once constrain,  
 So wauering to my Medor to remain.  
 In fine, though fortune, time, and destiny,  
 Would bend their force to make me leave to love,  
 Or join in league of rageful unity,  
 To cause me to my Medor faithlesse prove :  
 Yet neuer shall (despite their force) my minde,  
 To other Love then Medor's be enclin'd." (pp. 111-12.)

*Lament for lady-love.*

" Might I but dye (Ah !) in this mournful state,  
 Then were my death the Actor of my ease ;  
 For then my death would to the world relate  
 What Saint was subject to my Breast's disease.

Should death relate (Ah !) no, death must concale  
 The dainty Miftresse of my earthly joy.  
 Live then in peace ; yet feare still to reveale  
 The heauenly Actresse of thy Heart's annoy.  
 Ah ! Yet not actresse of thy endlesse paine,  
 But the sweet Angel of thy Breast's desire ;  
 Therefore with Loue immortally remain,  
 Within the fewel of her Beautie's fire." (p. 142.)

*A Fancie.*

" First Fish shall flie within the Element,  
 And Aiery-Birds liue in the Ocean Sea ;  
 Fair Phæbus shall forsake the Firmament,  
 And scorne to grace the cincture of the Day :  
 Thetis shall wander o're proud Atlas top,  
 And Nilus ceafe to water Egypt's land ;  
 The Earth unto the Skies shall fountains drop,  
 And Neptune's Face refuse to kisse the strand :  
 All ships shall saile upon the massie Main, [= *solid, i.e., frozen.*  
 And Aetna frieze at splendor of the Sun ;  
 Dame Cytherea quite shall lose her train,  
 And Elephants like Clouds in aire shall run :  
 Lebanus-Cedars shall like thistles spring,  
 And Hyfop-tops aspire unto the skie ;  
 From Thule to Gange the Dormouse voice shall ring,  
 And Gnats shall drink all Brooks and Rivers dry,  
 Before th' Idea of Florina's fight  
 Shall once have power from me to take his flight."  
 (pp. 143-4.)

*The Authores Farewel to his Book.*

" Untimely Imp ! conceiv'd by destiny,  
 Produc'd by fate of Muses plaudity !  
 Saile through the watry Bowers of Neptune's plain,  
 Thy native home, fair Albion's Isle to gain ;  
 Whose dainty soile sweet lovely Flora gay  
 With fragrant Roses, Lilies, doth array.  
 Where being landed, if thou chance to light  
 Within the ken of Friend's prospectiue sight,  
 Then rest in peace, securely there remain,  
 As long as kindly he doth thee retain :  
 But if by fate again thou chance to flie  
 Within the lifts of any Soilist's eye, [= *Zoilist.*  
 Which with detraction seeks to blast thy face,  
 Or else triumph in acting thy disgrace ;  
 From such ambitious fellows, swiftly skip,



## Introduction.

As I have return, thy Top-failes huff a-trip ;      [= hoist.  
As my Birth, and thy conception rue :  
As my Pamphlet-Book, farewell, adieu.

J. R.

My — the must and odd closing epistle must not be

### 2. *Imaginative Epistle to the (Gentlemen) Readers.*

Having finished the effence of this my peevish  
I have given (for a while) my Ruthicall Muse exact  
To repose in the vastal grave of silence ; I  
To cognate with my capacity, whether I should  
As my abortive Elfe, before the Theatre of the  
Or else (with the Midwives of *Egypt*) make  
Of his projection, the (untimely) sepulchre of  
The catastrophe : so that premeditating seriously in so  
A conduct, how to circumference my conceits within  
Of (amiable) unity ; I at last in the *Chaos*  
Of intempered cerebrosity, felt the citadel of my  
To be very dangerously assaulted by two martial  
Rivals : the one was called Discretion, the other  
With authentical motives (before the Bar  
Artificially pleaded for a definitive sentence: first  
The tedious, who with the phisnomy of a cheerful  
Oriented, that in this golden age of Poetry  
Hath pierc'd the Aire, and is long since  
In the skie) I should not presume to  
To my Eagled Muse, but rather nip her  
And so compel her to observe a  
Which might best correspond with the influence  
An ardent desire I had to allow of this  
Nature instantly (with tears in her eyes, and  
Dawdling about her ruthful cheeks) began  
To plead for audience, and so submissively  
To my feet, spake as followeth : Imbrue  
Hands in the innocent blood of  
But rather cherish him with care, project  
And commit him to his fortune. Which  
They both in a moment vanished, and so  
To the contemplation of a Legion of reflexse  
Thus tosticated in the surges of perplexity,  
In the brinish ocean of my teares, I began  
To my speedy invention which might free me  
But continually finding my mirth  
And my exhilaration to dolefulnesse, I

again (from Cylla to Charibdes) fell into the dedale of effeminate despaire; but at last delicious consolation (presenting me with the (*Ariadnes*) thred of comfort) brought me out of the labyrinth of perplexity, by falling to this (peremptory) resolution, to betake my Elfe to the world, thereby to enjoy the Nectar of a future peaceable tranquility. So now Gentlemen, by vertue of the premises, I here send you my pamphlet, not apparalled in *Arcadian* suits, nor embellished in Faery ornaments, but rather wrapt in a thred-bare mantle of simplicity, stich'd with Ignorance, lin'd with Illitature, and fac'd with Folly; wherein you shall find nothing (by the Pensel of *Apelles*) polished, but all things, (with the Poem of *Aphranius*) imperfect, and to conclude, every Line wanting the dulcid (stellified) method of (these our times) ingenious (*Parnassus*) curiosity: neverthelesse my poor unfavory Poem was predestinated to be seen; and therefore, what the Fates impose for a period, I have not presumed to contradict with denial: Now Gentlemen, having perused (at your leasures) the harsh (discordant) phrases of my Pamphlet, and with impartial contemplation waded through the Bryars of my imbecility, I do stand as a trembling offender before the (benigne) Bar of your favours, fearing lest meritoriously I have incur'd your (cholerick) indignation, in presuming to consecrate my peevish\* Labours to the stately Presse; but pardon Gentlemen I beseech you my audacious resolution, and at the sincere imploration of my Juvenility excuse my fondling Muse, for not charactering finer invention: mean while, if I understand you give my *Flower of Fidelity*; but the least show of a gracious acceptance, I will this Winter inforce my self to be conversant with the Muses, and compel my quill to quaffe a (Nectar) drawn at the sacred fount of *Castalia*, to the end that the next ensuing Summer I may present your capacities with some fine conceited Pamphlet of greater demerit [= *merit*].

John Reynolds.

(pp. 188-190.)

The *Flower of Fidelity* must have been exceptionally popular. It ran through many editions. A seventh edition of 1721 is before me, "now much amplify'd by several hands," and also "with amendments and alterations." Curiously enough, of these 'alterations' the main consists

\* By 'peevish,' was meant trifling, small and idle, as before he calls it 'untimely imp,' 'pamphlet book,' abortive elfe.'

of a displacing of Raynolds' own poems and replacing of them with far inferior, except that Shirley's famous "Glories of our Birth and State" is one of the additions.

Mr. Hazlitt (as before) assigns the following to Raynolds, as he does the *Epigrammata* of 1611: "A Discourse of Martha Taylor, the famed Derbyshire Damsell, her prodigious Abstinence by twelve months' fasting . . . . proving that, without any miracle, the texture of humane bodies may be so altered, that life may be long continued without the supplies of meat and drink. 1669. 4<sup>o</sup>." I have not seen this work; but it is scarcely likely that our John Raynolds, who published *Dolarnys Primerose* in 1606, would be still publishing in 1669. For myself, I must conclude that the bibliographers have mixed up at least three, and not impossibly four, John Raynolds or Reynoldses. I have spelled his name as 'Raynolds' because such is his own spelling in (1) The anagram of 'Dolarnys Primerose,' and in (2) The epistle-dedicatory to Efme Stewart Lord of Aubigny, as well as in the little poem addressed to him, and in Abraham Sauere's poem to the author — the second mis-spelled 'Reynolds' in the 'Roxburghe Club' reprint.\* As with Anthony Scoloker, I hope to continue inquiries about Reynolds, through willing helpers. Meantime in so far as biography is concerned, no more than SIR FRANCIS FREELING, am I able to give anything more. I hope that local researches in Exeter, and among Wills, will result in some fresh data and certainties as between the poet of *Dolarnys Primerose* and other Raynolds or Reynoldses. I do not think any student of *Dolarnys Primerose* will doubt that the *Flower of Fidelitie* came from the same poet, while the latter's title-page assures us that he was the 'John Reynolds' of *God's Revenge against Murther*. It

\* Seeing that while he anagramatizes his name of Raynolds by Dolarnys, he nevertheless gives his name in full to the epistle, and is addressed as Raynolds by Sauere; it needed no witch to give the name of the author of *Dolarnys Primerose*. (See Collier's *Poet. Decam.*, s.n.)

seems strange that the author of so large and notable a book as the folio of *God's Revenge*, and of so long popular a book as the *Flower of Fidelitie*, should have so utterly been forgotten in our usual authorities, biographers, and county-historians.

Passing now to the book in hand, its one vital element is the long meditation or soliloquy of the Hermit on the human 'skull.' Every Shakespeare-student must be glad to have this in full, seeing that—as with *Diaphantus*—the snippets hitherto given—from Haslewood (*British Bibliographer*, vol. i, p. 153, 1810) to Mr. C. Elliott Browne (*Athenæum*, 22 May 1875), and Mr. H. H. Furness's *Variorum*, Hamlet (i, p. 386), and Miss Smith's *Ingleby's Centurie* (1879)—excite, rather than gratify curiosity. I ask my readers to turn to p. 84, st. 3, and read onward to p. 86. Then compare with *Hamlet* (v, 1) as thus:

[Gravedigger] “*Throws up another skull.*”

*Hamlet.* There's another; why may not that be the skull of a lawyer? Where lie his quiddits now, his quillets, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? Hum! This fellow might be in's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries; is this the fine of his fines and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? The very conveyances of his lands will hardly lie in this box; and must the inheritor himself have no more, ha?”

Further:

*First Clown.* . . . . “Here's a skull now; this skull has lain in the earth three-and-twenty years.

*Hamlet.* Whose was it?

*First Clown.* A whoreson mad fellow's it was; whose do you think it was?

*Hamlet.* Nay, I know not.

*First Clown.* A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! a' poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once. This same skull, sir, was Yorick's skull, the king's jester.

*Hamlet.* This?

*First Clown.* E'en that.

*Hamlet.* Let me see. [*Takes the skull.*] Alas, poor Yorick ! — I knew him, Horatio ; a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy ; he hath borne me on his back a thousand times ; and now how abhorred in my imagination it is ! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft. — Where be your gibes now ? your gambols ? your songs ? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar ? Not one now, to mock your own grinning ? quite chap-fallen ? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come ; make her laugh at that. — Prithee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

*Horatio.* What's that, my lord ?

*Hamlet.* Dost thou think Alexander looked o' this fashion i' th' earth ?

*Horatio.* E'en so.

*Hamlet.* And smelt so ? puh ! [*Puts down the skull.*]

*Horatio.* E'en so, my lord.

*Hamlet.* To what base uses we may return, Horatio ! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole.

*Horatio.* 'Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so.

*Hamlet.* No, faith, not a jot ; but to follow him thither with modesty enough and likelihood to lead it ; as thus : Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth into dust ; the dust is earth ; of earth we make loam ; and why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel ?

Imperious Cæsar, dead, and turn'd to clay,  
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away ;  
Oh, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,  
Should patch a wall to expell the winter's flaw !"

Mr. Furness (as before) intercalates of *Dolarnys Primerose* "[which, despite the eulogy of Shakespeare contained in it, Caldecott pronounces 'a very mean performance']." There is no 'eulogy of Shakespeare' in *Dolarnys Primerose*, except the tacit one of amplifying Hamlet's words on the 'skull.' Miss L. Toulmin Smith in the *Centurie* (as before) annotates the *bit* taken from the poem thus : "Raynold's [Raynolds'] verses are perhaps a closer parallel than Thomas Randolph's reminiscences of the same scene in his *Jealous Louers*, 1632."  
. . . . . "If these verses may be taken as an undoubted allusion to Hamlet, not the least interesting is the first quoted above, which describes exactly the action of Hamlet on taking up the skull in use on the stage at the present

day, and may fairly be supposed to bear reference to what Raynolds and the playgoers of his day had before their eyes in the grave-digger's [grave-diggers'] scene. It is to be observed that no authority for this action, the turning, soft stroking, smiling, &c., is to be found in the play itself." Thus, as in *Daiphantus*, its description of Hamlet's dress or undress is valuable—as we have seen—so in *Dolarnys Primrose*, the action of Hamlet with the skull must be accepted as described, not imagined.

In Notes and Illustrations — at the close — will be found such notices of points as seemed called for. These additional I give here after re-reading the whole book, and as partly promised in the Notes and Illustrations.

*In limine*, I must repeat that, as in several places pointed out in the Notes and Illustrations, I have felt constrained to correct the punctuation. Whether author's or Printer's there is the oddest, as absurdest, placing of a comma in the middle of the line, irrespective of sense, *e.g.*, between adjective and noun, p. 64, st. 4, l. 3, 'lofty, greffes.' Perhaps I have erred in not re-punctuating throughout. *As it is*, I have satisfied myself with the *minimum* of correction, as feeling that though probably authors left this very much to their printers, it is interesting to take heed to the gradual evolution from chaos of systematic punctuation. The Notes and Illustrations in the places will enable the reader to judge of my wisdom or unwisdom.

Of 'Abraham Sauere Gentleman,' who writes "In laudem Authoris" (p. 59), nothing has apparently come down.

The opening of the poem has a certain sweetness and graciousness, reminding one of the landscapes in Sevres china :

" When flowring May, had with her morning deawes,  
Watred the meadows, and the vallies greene,  
The tender Lambes, with nimble-footed Eawes,  
Came forth to meete, the wanton sommers Queene :  
The liuely Kidds, came with the little Fawnes,  
Tripping with speed, ouer the pleafant lawnes." (p. 61 st. 1.)



Pathetic, is this :

“ Dead is my loue, dead are my hopes and Ioyes,  
accursed Fates, that of my loue bereft mee,  
Curst be al hopes, let hopes be haplesse toyes,  
For loue, and Ioy, hope, hap, and all hath left mee :  
And I remaine, vncessantlie to cry,  
Still lyuing, still, ten thousand deaths to die.” (p. 75, st. .)

This is dainty :

“ Then with his pitcher, he came in againe,  
Fill'd with fayre water, from a fountain cleare,  
And purer farre, then siluer drops of raine,  
That falleth in, the Aprill of the yeare :  
Then with these words, he tooke mee by the hand,  
You see your fare, now doo not musing stand.” (p. 84, st. .)

Well-wrought and touched of tenderness is a description  
of the ‘hour-glass’ :

“ Then in his hand, he tooke the houre glasse,  
And these like words, to me he did bewraye :  
Behold faith he, how here the time doth passe,  
Tread you vpright, or go you quite a stray :  
Here may you see, how swift your time doth runne,  
And ceaseth not, vntill your life be done.

This glasse euen now, was full of slippery sand,  
This glasse euen now, was like the prime of youth,  
This glasse euen now, was fill'd with plentyes hand,  
Only in this, you may behold times truth :

Here you may see, that time is alwayes sliding,  
This is a mirrour, of fickle tim[e]s abiding.

See how it glides, see, see, how fast it runne,  
Say a good life, vpon this time did dwell,  
wer't not too soone, his houre should be come,  
If hee in vertue, others did excell :

No, were he *Moses*, *David* or *Saloman*,  
His time thus come, his life must needs be gon.

Now 'tis full out, the lampe hath burn'd the oyle,  
This houres funne, within this glasse is fet,  
Were this a man, he now were free'd from toyle,  
All earthly labors now he would forget :

And as this sand, within this glasse lie still,  
So should the earth his breathlesse body hill.” (pp. 87-8.)

From the foreign scenes and speakers of the poem, it is



difficult to determine who were intended by certain names introduced, *e.g.*:

" Yet doth he liue, eternized with glory,  
That sweetly sung renowned Scipioes warres,  
He liues that told Emillaes lasting story,  
Mixt with Anthonius and Octavius iarres :  
A thousand more, doo liue, whose fames doe ring,  
Yet none of dead Agricola will sing." (p. 102, st. 4.)

It is scarcely possible that Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar* was meant by 'Anthonius and Octavius.'

There are, now and again, vivid lines, *e.g.*:

" The faire Greene feed, all fanguined ouer flood "  
(p. 108, l. 28.)

" Thus were they scatter'd, ore the purple plaine."  
(p. 109, l. 6.)

" Our maine-failes all, of glasse Sattin faire,  
Our top-failes were, most sumptuous to behold,  
Our spred top-gallants, trembling in the ayre,  
Were framed all, of glittering cloth of gold :  
Our dallying ensignes, wau'ring in the skie,  
Were all imboist, with rich imbrodery." (p. 110, st. 4.)

" . . . their thick breath, dimmed the cristall skies."  
(p. 114, l. 30.)

" For *Memmons* mother, then to world had brought,  
So faire a shewe, of crimson speckled light.  
All spangled ore, as if with Rubies wrought,  
The which did banish, black *Cimmerian* night :  
And glittering *Phæbus*, then began to rise,  
Gracing the earth, from out the azure skies." (p. 115, st. 5.)

" The radiant torch, long since had burning left,  
And *Cynthia* pale, keeping a wanton vaine,  
Trimmed her selfe, like to a louer desfe,  
Casting her glimpses, towar'd faire *Lutmas* plaine :  
Which louely object, caus'd her dazling eyes,  
With triple brightnesse, to enrich the skies." (p. 123, st. 5.)

Besides noticeable words recorded in Notes and Illustrations I would recall these (1) p. 62, st. 3, l. 6, '*Dampt*' = *dompt* or *dumft*, *i.e.*, dejected, made to stoop, *i.e.*, the 'lofty' tops of the trees — an odd use of the word ; (2) p. 67, st. 4,

l. 3, '*his jobs his solace told*' = the source of his 'solace,' *i.e.*, confession to God as merciful to the penitent; (3) p. 79, st. 5, l. 5, '*Therfites like to vaunt it*' = an allusion to *Troilus and Cresseid*, which was entered at Stationers' Hall, as acted, 1603; (4) p. 113, st. 1, l. 3, '*See all the gulfes*,' &c. = shew them that they may avoid them; (5) p. 117, st. 3, l. 3, '*aduerse*' = adversary; (6) p. 123, st. 2, l. 1, '*Eurian*' = Eastern or East, *i.e.*, from Eurus, as in *Val. Fl.*, i, 530; *Claud. Laud. Stil.*, ii, 417; cf. *Ovid Met.*, ii, 160. (White and Riddell, *s.v.*)

As a whole *Dolarnys Primerose*, like *Daiphantus*, cannot be placed among the 'imperishable stuff' of our national poetry. It were absurd to claim any lofty recognition for either ANTHONY SCOLOKER or JOHN RAYNOLDS. Scoloker has little of the idiomatic purity or raciness of his name-sake printer. English is, in his hands, a foreign tongue. Over and over again words and phrases are worked in, that give rhyme but small reason. There is, as a rule, smoothness; but his ear was not correct. Whilst there are the regulation ten syllables, sometimes more, the syllables are sometimes mis-accentuated and made into prose rather than iambic verse. The plot of *Daiphantus* hangs loosely. Its one noticeable element is the 'madness' of its hero—fetched, in all probability, from Hamlet's love for Ophelia, and his or her madness. By the way, it is to be remembered that Scoloker's view of Hamlet, as 'mad,' may have been derived from the fountain-head. His word, '*friendly Shakespeare*'—as before noted—would indicate as much. It was the more likely that he would ask '*friendly Shakespeare*,' in that the point seems to have been debated, as appears from Jonson's, Dekker's, and Marston's skits at 'Hamlet.' Raynolds has certainly a *copiositas verborum* absent in Scoloker. Deduct as largely as you may, their books contain things—as shewn—that deserve preservation, and so warrant our reproductions. My judgment is that everything, in any way shedding light on Shakespeare, ought to be revived in

integrity. With reference to *Dolarnys Primeroſe*, it may be of interest to the possessors of the 'Roxburghe Club' reprint (30 copies) to have this table of errata therein :

*Epistle-dedictory*—l. 3, 'bed-chamber' for 'bed-Chamber'; l. 4, 'giſtes' for 'guiftes'; l. 6, 'Reynolds' for 'Raynolds'; p. 56, l. 5, 'Parraſius' for 'Parrhaſius'; l. 14, 'ſtraynes' for 'ſtrayns'; l. 18, 'honourable' for 'honorable.'

*In laudem Authoris*—l. 8, 'Inchanc'd' for 'inchac'd'—making nonsense.

Page 65, l. 2 (from bottom), 'plays' for 'playes.'

„ 68, l. 15, 'wrongs' for 'wrong'—so ſpoiling the rhyme with long.

„ 70, l. 27, 'fault' for 'vault'—making unintelligible.

„ 71, l. 5, 'tell' for 'tel'; l. 21, 'perfute' for 'purfute.'

„ 72, l. 17, 'Fom' for 'From.'

„ 76, l. 30, 'Demogogons' for 'Demogorgons.'

„ 80, l. 26, 'ſcarcely' for 'ſcarfely.'

„ 81, l. 1, 'echoing' for 'ecchoing'—*et alibi*.

„ 82, l. 5, 'confiſt' for 'confiſts'—making nonsense; l. 7, 'he' for 'hee'—*et alibi*.

„ 84, l. 10, 'Hermits' for 'Heremits'—ſpoiling rhythm.

„ 85, l. 2, 'now' for 'nowe.'

„ 86, l. 4, 'thither' for 'thether.'

„ 87, l. 25, 'ſlippery' for 'ſlipery.'

„ 88, l. 1, 'faſte' for 'faſt'; l. 6, 'gone' for 'gon.'

„ 92, l. 15, 'leues' for 'leaues.'

„ 99, l. 3, 'darling' for 'daring'—making unintelligible.

„ 100, l. 25, 'tears' for 'teares.'

„ 102, l. 14, 'crown' for 'crown'd.'

„ 103, l. 19, 'fometime' for 'ſometime'; l. 26, 'carriere' for 'cariere'—*et alibi*.

„ 104, l. 16, 't'encounter' for 't'incounter.'

„ 120, l. 10, 'fought' for 'fought.'

It only remains that I thank right heartily ALFRED H. HUTH, Eſq., for his kind loan of his (it is believed) unique exemplar of *Dolarnys Primeroſe*, and my always helpful friend Dr. BRINSLEY NICHOLSON, for many ſuggeſtions and notes in reading the proof-ſheets of both poems.

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.

*St. George's, Blackburn,  
April 5th, 1880.*

DAIPHANTVS,  
OR  
The Passions of Loue.

Comicall to Reade,

*But Tragicall to Aſt:*

As full of Wit, as Experience,

*By An. Sc. Gentleman.*

*Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cartum.*

Wherevnto is added,

*The passionate mans Pilgrimage.*



L O N D O N

Printed by T. C. for William Cotton : And are to be sold  
at his Shop neare Ludgate. 1604.





TO THE MIGHTIE, LEARNED,  
and Ancient Potentate *Quisquis*; Emperour of ♣  
King of Great and Little *A*. Prince of *B. C.* and *D. &c.*

*Aliquis*, wisheth the much increase of true Subiects,  
free from *Passion Spleene*, and *Melancholy*: and  
indued with Vertue, Wisedome, and Magnanimitie.

Or, to the Reader.



*N* Epistle to the Reader; why? that must haue  
his Forehead, or first Entrance like a Courtier,  
Faire-spoken, and full of Expectation. His  
middle or Center like your Citizēns ware-house,  
beautified with inticing vanities, though the true  
Riches consist of Bald Commodities. His Ran-  
deuow or conclusion like The Lawyers Case, able  
to pocket vp any matter: But let good words be your best Euidence.  
In the Generall, or Foundation he must be like Paules-Church, re-  
solved to let euery Knight and Gull trauell vpon him; yet his Parti-  
culars, or Lyneaments may be Royall as the Exchange, with ascen-  
ding steps, promising Newe but costly deuices & fashions: It must haue  
Teeth like a Satyre, Eyes like a Cryticke, and yet may your Tongue  
speake false Latine, like your Panders and Bawdes of Poetrie. Your  
Genius and Species should march in battle aray with our Polititi-  
ans: yet your Genius ought to liue with an honest soule indeed. It  
should be like the Neuer-too-well read Arcadia, where the Prose  
and Verce (Matter and Words) are like his Mistresses eyes, one still  
excelling another and without Coriuall: or to come home to the vul-  
gars Element, like Friendly Shake-speares Tragedies, where  
the Commedian rides, when the Tragedian stands on Tip-toe:  
Faith it should please all, like Prince Hamlet. But in sadnesse, then  
it were to be feared he would runne mad: Infooth I will not be moone-  
sicke, to please: nor out of my wits though I displeased all. What? Po-  
et, are you in *Passion*, or out of Loue? This is as Strange as True:

A 2

Well,

... whether I be a Foole  
... are not well aduised.  
... thrust vp from diuine  
... use it out at any place  
... then one of Hercules La-  
... ans best termes. And but  
... comes, the Inner of Court, and  
... might haue beene burned. As  
... will: if the Noble Ape pray  
... Statu suæ, Majster An. Dom.  
... he ride to the Rowels of his spurs,  
... for his Wand: then let him ride  
... could ride his Mistresse, I care not:  
... quare, with the breaking of a Speare  
... for a faire Lady. There I leaue you,

... Your louing Subiect,  
... He is A man in Print, and tis enough  
... (yet not like a Ladie) though for  
... protesting for this poore Infant of his  
... his Virginitie borne into the world in  
... his deare friends that take much paines  
... haue beene laught at: And that if Truth haue  
... its better to erre in Knowledge then in  
... ought vp half a Line of any others, It was  
... ignorance. Why, he Dedicates it to  
... as his Mistresse, or So. His an-  
... than to creepe into Womens Fauours,  
... Also he desireth you to helpe Cor-  
... which because the Authour is dead  
... haue beene committed. And twas his folly,  
... an Epistle to the purpose.

... woos he for your Fauor,  
... grant then *Omnia vincit Amor.*



### *The Argument.*



*Aiphantus*, a yonger Brother, very honourably descended, brought vp (but not borne in *Venice*) naturally subiect to Courting, but not to Loue: reputed a man, rather full of Complement then of true Curtesie: more desirous to be thought honest, then so to be wordish beyond discretion: promising more to all the friend-ship could challenge: Mutable in all his Actions, but his affections aiming indeed, to gaine opinion, rather then good will, challenging Loue from greatnesse, not from Merit: studious to abuse his owne wit by the common sale of his infirmities: Lastly, vnder the colour of his naturall affection (which indeed was very pleasant and delightfull) coueted to disgrace euery other to his owne discontent: a scourge to Beautie, a traytor to Women, and an Infidell to Loue. This He, this creature; at length falles in loue with two at one instant: yea, two of his neereſt Allies, and ſo indifferently (yet outragiouſly) as what was commendable in the one, was admirable in the other: By which meanes as not deſpiſed, not regarded; if not deceiued, not pittied; they eſteemed him as he was in Deed, not words: he proteſted, they ieſted: hee ſwore hee lou'de in ſadneſſe; they in ſooth beleeu'de, but ſeemed to giue no crepence to him: thinking him ſo humorous as no reſolution could long be good, & holding this his attestation to them of affection in that kinde, more then his conteſting againſt it before time. Thus ouercome of that he ſeemed to conquer, he became a ſlaue to his owne fortunes: Laden with much miſerie, vtter miſchiefe ſeazed vpon him. He fell in

B loue



... with a fourth.  
... in her  
... fell from the  
... & ...  
... Sometimes  
... not as much as  
... humours. And ...  
... then I Act them.  
... was recovered.  
... recure him: Foure  
... one with foure re-  
... vnusuall streynes in  
... of *Loue*, I will leaue  
... only I will end with:

*... write.*  
*... indite?*





## DAIPHANTVS

### Proem.

**I** Sing the olde World in an Infant Storie,  
 I sing the new World in an auncient Dittie :  
 I sing this World: yea, this worlds shame and glory,  
 I sing a Medley, of rigor, and of Pittie :  
     I sing the Courts, Cyties, and the Countrey-fashions,  
     Yet sing I but of loue, and her strange passions.

I sing that Antheme, Louers sigh in sadnesse,  
 I sing sweete tunes of ioyes in wo-ven Verses :  
 I sing those Lines I once did act in madnesse,  
 I sing and weepe, (teares follow Births and Herfes.)  
     I sing a Dirge, a Furie did indight it,  
     I sing My Selfe, whilst I my Selfe do write it.

I inuocate (to grace my Artlesse labor)  
 The faithfull Goddesse, men call Memorie,  
 (True Poets treasure and their wits best fauour)  
 To decke my Muse with truest Poesie.  
     Though Loue write wel, yet Passiō blindes th' affection,  
     " Man ne're rules right, that's in the least subiection.

Sweete Memorie (soules life) new life increasing,  
 The eye of Iustice, tongue of eloquence ;  
 The locke of Larning, Fountaine neuer ceasing,  
 The Cabinet of Secrets, Caske of Sence,  
     Which gouern'ſt Nature, teacheth man his awe.  
     That art all Conscience, and yet rulſt by Law.

B 2

Blesse





*Daiphantus Proëm.*

*Blesse (thou) this Loue-fong-ayre of my best wishes,  
(Thou art the Parent nourisheth desire)  
Blow gentle winds, safe land me at my Blisses,  
„ Loue still mounts high, though Louers not aspire.  
My Poem's truth, fond Poets feigne at pleasure,  
„ A Louing Subject, is a Princes treasure.*





# THE PASSIONS OF LOVE.

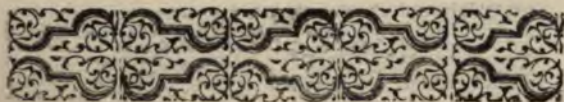
I N *Venice* faire, the Citie most admir'd ;  
There liu'd a Gallant, who *Daiphantus* hight,  
Right Nobly borne, well Letter'd, Lou'd, Desir'd,  
Of euery Courtyer in their most delight :  
So full of Pleasaunce, that he seem'd to be,  
A man begot in *Venus* infancie.

His face was faire, full comely was his feature,  
Lip't like the Cherrie, with a Wantons eye :  
A *Mars* in anger, yet a *Venus* Creature,  
Made part of *Cynthia*, most of *Mercurie* :  
A pittied soule, so made of *Loue* and hate,  
Though still belou'd, in *Loue* vnfortunate.

Thus made by Nature, *Fortune* did conspire,  
To ballance him, with weight of *Cupids* Wings :  
Passant in *Loue*, yet oft in great desire ;  
Sudden in *Loue*, not stayd in any thing :  
He courted all, not lou'd, and much did striue,  
To die for *Loue*, yet neuer meant to wiue.

B 3

As





*The Passions of Loue.*

As *Nature* made him faire, so likewise wittie,  
(She not content) his thoughts thus very fickle ;  
Fortune that gain'd him, plac'd him in this Citie  
To wheele his head, which she had made most tickle.  
    *Fortune* made him belou'd and so distraught him,  
    His reynes let forth, he fell, and *Cupid* caught him.

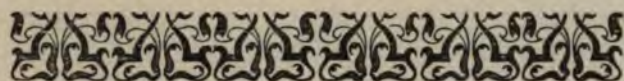
Not farre from *Venice*, in an Abbie faire,  
(Well wal'd about) two worthy Ladyes dwelt,  
Who Virgins were ; so sweet and Debonayre  
The ground they trod on, of their odour smelt :  
    Two Virgin-Sisters (matchlesse in a Pheare)  
    Had liued Virgins, wel-nigh eighteene yeare.

*Euriala* the Elder Sister's nam'd  
The other was *Vrania*, the wise :  
*Nature* for making them was surely blam'd  
*Venus* her selfe, by them all did despise.  
    ,Such beauties, with such vertue, So combind  
    ,That al exceeds ; yet nought exceeds their mind.

*Euriala*, so shewes as doth the Sunne,  
When mounted on the continent of Heauen :  
Yet oft she's clouded, but when her glorie's come  
Two Suns appeare to make her glory euen. (bright  
    ,Her smiles sends brightnes, when the Sun's not  
    ,Her lookes giue beauty, whē the sun lends light.

Her





*The Passions of Loue.*

Modeſt and humble of *Nature* milde and ſweete,  
Vnmatched beauty with her vertue meeting :  
Proud that her lowly bezaunce doth regreet  
With her chaſt ſilence ("Vertue euer keeping.)  
    ,This is the Sunne, that ſets, before it riſe,  
    ,This is a Starre. No leſſe are both her eyes.

Her beautie pearleſſe, pearleſſe is her minde,  
Her body matchleſſe, matchleſſe are her thoughts :  
Her ſelfe but one, but one like her we finde,  
Her wealth's her vertue : (ſuch vertue is not bought)  
    ,This is a heauen on earth, makes her diuine ;  
    ,This is the Sunne, obſcures where it doth ſhin[e].

*Vrania* next (Oh that I had that Art  
Could write her worth) her worth no eye may ſee :  
Or that her tongue (oh heauen) were now my hart,  
what ſiluer Lines in ſhowres ſhould drop from me :  
    My heart ſhe keepes, how can I then indite ?  
    ,No heart-leſſe creature, can *Loue-paſſions* write.

As a black vaile vpon the wings of morne,  
Brings forth a day as cleere as *Venus* face,  
Or, a faire Iewell by an *Ethiope* worne,  
Inricheth much the eye, which it doth grace,  
    Such is her beautie, if it well be told,  
    Plac't in a Iettie Chariot ſet with gold.

Her





*The Passions of Loue.*

Her haire, Night's Canopie in mourning weedes  
Is still inthron'd, when lockt within is seene  
A Deitie, drawne by a paire of Steedes  
Like *Venus* eyes, And if the like haue beene  
Her eyes two radiant Starres, but yet diuine ;  
Her face daies-fun, (heauen al) if once they shine.

Vpon the left side of this heauenly feature,  
(In Curious worke) Nature hath set a Seale,  
Wherein is writ : *This is a matchlesse Creature* :  
Where wit and beautie striues for the appeale.  
The Iudges chofde are *Loue & Fancie* ; They rise,  
And looking on her, with her, left their eyes.

Her Wit and Beautie, were at many fraies,  
Whether the deepe impressions did caufe :  
*Nature*, said Beautie ; *Art*, her Wit did praise : (plause  
*Loue*, thought her face ; her tongue had *Truths* ap-  
Whilest they contend, which was the better part ;  
I lent an Eie, She rob'd me of my heart.

Sisters these two are, like the Day and Night,  
Their glories by their vertues they doe Merit :  
One as the Day to see the others might,  
The others Night, to shadow a high Spirit :  
„If all were Day, how could a Louer rest ?  
„Or if all Night, Louers were too much blest.

Both





*The Passions of Loue.*

Both faire. As eke their bodies tall and slender,  
Both wise, yet Silence shewes their modestie :  
Both graue, although they both are yong & tender :  
Both humble hearted : Not in Pollicie  
So faire, wise, graue, and humble are esteem'd,  
Yet what men see, the worst of them is deem'd.

,*Nature*, that made them faire, doth loue perfection ;  
,What youth counts wisdō, Age doth bring to trial,  
,Graue years in youth : in Age needs no direction :  
,An humble heart deserues, findes no denyall.  
Faires ring their Knells, & yet Fame neuer dies,  
„True Iudgemēt's frō the hart, not from the eies.

These two, two Sisters, Cozens to this Louer ;  
He often courts, As was his wonted fashon :  
Who sweares alls fayre : yet hath no heart to proue  
Seems still in Loue, or in a Louers passion, (her,  
Now learn's this Lesson, & Loue-scoffers find it,  
„*Cupid* hits rightest whē Louers do least mind it.

Although his guise were fashon'd to his mind,  
And wording Loue, As complement he vsde,  
Seem'd still to iest at Loue, and Louers kind,  
Neuer obtainde, but where he was refusde :  
Yet now, his words with wit so are rewarded,  
He loues, loues two, loues all ; of none regarded.

C

Now







*The Passions of Loue.*

Now he that laught to heare true Louers sigh  
Can bite his Lippes, vntill his heart doth bleed :  
Who Iyb'd at al, loues al ; ech daies his night, (meed  
Who scorn'd, now weeps & howles, writes his own  
    ,He that would bandy Loue, is now the Ball,  
    ,Who fear'd no hazard, himself hath tane the fall.

,Beautie and Vertue, who did praise the fashion,  
,VVho Loue and Fancie thought a Comodie,  
,Now is turn'd *Poet*, and writes Loue in Passion,  
,His Verses fits the bleeding Tragedie :  
    In Willow weeds right wel he acts his part, (hart.  
    ,,His Sceanes are teares, whose *Embryon* was his

He loues, where loue, to all doth proue difaster,  
,His eyes no sooner see, but hee's straight blind ;  
His kindred, friends, or foes, he followes faster  
Then his owne good ; he's now but too too kind :  
    He that spent all, would faine find out loues trea-  
    Extremities are for extreams the measure. (sure,

Thus thinkes he of the words he spent in vaine ;  
And wishes now his tongue had Eloquence :  
Hee's dumbe, all motion (that) a world could gaine,  
A Centre now without circumference : (Art,  
    *Cupid* with words, who fought : would' teach him  
Hath lost his tongue, and with it left his hart.

He





*The Passions of Loue.*

,He sweares he loues, (the heat doth proue the fire)  
 ,He weepes his Loue, his teares shew his affection,  
 ,He writes his Loue ; his Lynes plead his desire,  
 ,He sings his Loue, the Dittie mournes the action,  
     He sings, writs, weeps & sweares, that he's in sadnes  
 „It is beleeu'd, not cur'd, Loue turnes to madnes.

,Loue once dissembled, Oaths are a grace most flen-  
 ,Teares oft are heard *Embassadors* for beauty: (der,  
 ,Words writ in gold, an yron heart may render :  
 ,A passion song shewes much more hope thē duty,  
     Oaths spoke in teares ; words song, proue no true  
 „A fained Loue, must find a fained pittie. (Ditty,

Thus is the good *Daiphantus* like the Flie  
 Who playing with the candle feeles the flame,  
 „The smiles of scorne, are Louers miserie,  
 „That foule's most vext, is grieved with his name.  
     Though kind *Daiphantus*, do most loue protest,  
 ,Yet is his crosse, still to be thought in iest.

Poore torturde Louer, like a periurde foule,  
 Sweares till hee's hoarse, yet neuer is beleeu'd,  
 „(Whose once a Villaine, still is counted foule)  
 „Oh wofull pittie, when with winde releeu'de, (be  
     ,Learns this by rote, Though Loue vnconstant  
 ,They must proue constant, wil her comforts fee.

C 2

Now





*The Passions of Loue.*

Now to the humble heart of his dread Saint,  
*Eurialæ*, he kneels, but's not regarded :  
Then to *Vrania*, sighes till he growes faint,  
Such is her wit, In silence hee's rewarded :  
    ,His humble voyce, *Eurialæ* accuseth,  
    ,His sighing Passion, *Vrania* refuseth.

,Then lifts he vp his eyes, but Heauen frowneth,  
,Bowes downe his head : Earth is a Masse of sorrow :  
,Runnes to the seas, the sea, it stormes and howleth ;  
,Hies to the woods, the Birds sad tunes do borrow :  
    Heauē, Earth, sea, Woods & al things do cōspire,  
    ,He burne in Loue, yet friese in his desire.

The Ladyes Iest, command him to feigne still,  
Tell him how one day, he may be in loue,  
That Louers reason, hath not Loues free-will :  
Smile in disdaine, to thinke of that he proues.  
    ,Oh, me *Daiphantus*, how art thou aduif'd ?  
    ,When hee's lesse pittied, then he is despif'd.

They hold this but his humour, seeme so wise,  
And many Louers stories forth do bring, (Flies,  
Court him with Shaddowes, whilest hee catcheth  
Byting his fingers till the blood forth spring,  
    Then do they much cōmend his careles passion,  
    ,Call him a Louer of our Courtiers Fashion.

All





*The Passions of Loue.*

All this doe they in modestie ; yet free  
 From thinking him so honest as in truth,  
 Much lesse so kinde, as to loue two or three,  
 Him neere allied, and he himfelse a Youth :  
 ,Till with the sweate which from his fuffrings rise,  
 ,His face is pearled, like the lights his eyes.

Then with his looke-down-cast, & trembling hand,  
 A high Dutch colour, and a Tongue like yce,  
 Apart with this *Eurialæ* to stand  
 Endeuours He ; This was his last diuice ;  
 ,Yet in so humble straines this Gallant courts her,  
 ,The wind being hie, his breath it neuer hurts her.

Speechles thus standes he, till she fear'd him dead,  
 And rubbes his temples, calls and cryes for ayde :  
 Water is fetcht and spung'd into his head,  
 Who then startes vp : from dreaming as he sayd,  
 And crauing absence of all but this Saint,  
 He gan to court her, but with a heart right faint.

Bright starre of *Phæbus*, Goddesse of my thought,  
 Behold thy Vassall, humbled on his knee :  
 Behold for thee, what Gods and Art hath wrought,  
 A man adoring, of Loue, the lowest degree :  
 I loue, I honor thee : (no more) There stayde,  
 As if forsworne : Euen so was he affrayde.

C 3

*Eurialæ,*





*The Passions of Loue.*

*Eurialæ* now spake (yet seem'd in wonder)  
Her lips when parting, heauen did ope his treasure,  
Oh do not, do not loue ; I will not funder  
A heart in two, Loue hath nor height nor measure,  
Liue still a Virgin ; Then Ile be thy louer, ther.  
Heauē here did close : no toong could after moue

As if in heauen he was rauish'd fo,  
Oh Loue, oh Voice, oh Face, which is the glorie :  
Oh Day, oh Night, oh Age, oh worlds of Ioy,  
Of euery part true loue might write a storie  
„Conuert my sighes, oh to some angells tongue,  
„To die for Loue is life, death is best young.

She gone, *Vrania* came ; he on the flower,  
But sight of her reuiu'd this noble fyre ;  
And as if *Mars* did thunder : words did shower,  
„(Loue speakes in heate, when tis in most desire)  
She made him mad, whose sight had him reuiu'de  
Now speaks he plainly: stormes past, <sup>the</sup> aire is glide.

Why was I made ? to beare such woe and grieve ?  
Why was I borne ? But in Loue to be norisht ?  
Why then for Loue ; Loue of all vertues chiefe,  
And I not pittied, though I be not cherisht ?  
What ? did my eyes offend in vertue seeing ?  
Oh no ; true vertue is the Louers being.

Beaut;





*The Passions of Loue.*

„Beautie and vertue, are the twins of life,  
„Loue is the mother which them forth doth bring :  
„Wit with discretion ends the Louers strife,  
„Patience with silence is a glorious thing.  
„Loue crownes a man, loue giues to al due merit,  
„Men without loue, are bodies without spirit.

„Loue to a mortall, is both life and treasure,  
„Loue changd to wedlocke, doubleth in her glory,  
„Loue is the Iem, whose worth is without measure,  
„Fame dies, if not intombe[d] within Loues storie.  
„Man that liues, liues not, if he wants content,  
„Man that dies, dies not, if with Loues consent.

Thus spake *Daiphantus*, and thus spake he well,  
Which wife *Vrania* well did vnderstand,  
So well she like[d] it, As it did excell :  
Now grac'd she him, with her white slender hand.  
With words most sweet, A colour fresh and faire,  
In heauenly speech, she gan his woes declare.

My good *Daiphantus* : Loue it is no toy,  
*Cupid* though blind, yet strikes the heart at last, (ioy,  
His force you feele whose power must breed your  
This is the meede for scoffs you on him cast. (quite,  
You loue, who scorn'd ; your loue with scorne is  
You loue yet want, your loue with want is spight.

Loue





*The Passions of Loue.*

„*Loue* playes the Wanton, where she meanes to kill,  
 „*Loue* rides the Foole, and spurs without direction :  
 „*Loue* weepes like you, yet laughs at your good wil :  
 „*Loue* is of all things, but the true confection ;  
 „*Loue* is of euery thing : yet it self's but one thing :  
 „*Loue* is any thing ; yet indeed is nothing.

Wee Virgins know this ; (though not the force of  
 For we two Sisters liue as in a Cell :        (*Loue*)  
 Nor do we scorne it, though we it not approue,  
 By Prayer we hope, her charmes for to repel.  
 And thus adew : But you in Progressse goe,  
 To finde fit place to warble forth your woe.

„Who first seekes mercie, is the last for grieve :  
 Thus did shee part ; whose Image stayd behind.  
 He in a trance stands mute, finds no reliefe,  
 (For she was absent, whose tongue pleaf'd his mind)  
 But like a hartlesse, & a hurtlesse Creature,  
 In admiration of so sweet a Feature.

At length look't vp ; his shaddow onely seeing,  
 Sighs to himselfe and weeps, yet silent stands,  
 Kneels, riseth, walkes, all this without true being,  
 Sure he was there ; though settred in Loues-bands :  
 „His lips departed ; Parted were his blisses,  
 „Yet for pure *Loue*, each lip the other kisses.  
 Reui'd





*The Passions of Loue.*

Reuiu'd by this, or else Imagination,  
 Recalls things past, the time to come laments,  
 Records his Loue, but with an acclamation,  
 Repents himselfe, and all these Accidents :  
     Now with the wings of Loue he gins to raise,  
     His Loue to gaine, thus women he doth praise.

,Women than Men are purer creatures farre,  
 ,The foule of foules, the blessed gift of Nature,  
 ,To men a heauen, To men the brightest starre,  
 ,The pearle that's matchles ; high without al stature,  
     ,So full of goodnes, that bounty waiteth still  
     ,Vpon their trencher, feeds them with free-will.

Where seeke we vertue, learne true Art or glory ?  
 Where finde we ioy that lasteth, still is spending ?  
 But in sweet women of mans life the Storie,  
 „*Alpha* they are, *Omega* is their ending :  
     Their vertues shine with such a sun of brightnes,  
     „Yet he's vnwife that looks in them for Lightnes.

Oh let my Pen relate mine owne decay,  
 There are, which are not (or which should not be)  
 Some shap't like faints, whose steps are not the way :  
 Oh, let my Verse, not name their infamie,  
     „These hurt not all ; but euen the wandring eye,  
     „VVhich fondly gapes for his owne miserie.

D

These







*The Passions of Loue.*

These do not harme, the Honest or the Iust,  
The faithfull Louer, or the vertuous Dame :  
But those whose soules be onely giuen to Lust,  
Care more for pleasure, then for worthy Fame.  
But peace my *Muse*, for now me thinkes I heare,  
An Angels voyce come warbling in my eare.

Not distant farre, within a Garden faire,  
The sweet *Artesia* sang vnto her Lute :  
Her voyce charmd *Cupid*, and perfumde the Aire,  
Made beasts stand still, and birds for to be mute.  
„Her voice & beauty prou'd so sad a ditty, (pitty.  
VVho saw was blind, who heard, soone sued for

(This Ladie was no Virgin, like the rest,  
Yet neare allied ;) By *Florence* Cittie dwelling  
„Nature, and Art, within her both were blest,  
„†Musicke in her, and Loue had his excelling :  
To visite her faire Cozens of she came,  
,Perhaps more iocound, but no whit to blame.

*Fortune* had crost her with a churlish Mate,  
(Who *Strymon* hight) A Palmer was his Syre :  
Full Nobly borne, And of a wealthy state,  
His sonne a childe, not borne to his desire.  
,Thus was she crost, which caused her thereby,  
,Daiphantus grieve to mourne by Simpathie.

*Daiphantus*





*The Passions of Loue.*

*Daiphantus* hearing such a Swan-tun'd voyce,  
 Vvas rauisht, As with Angells Melodie,  
 Though in this Laborinth blest, could not reioyce,  
 Nor yet could see, what brought this Harmony.  
 At length this Goddesse ceast ; began draw neare,  
 ,Who whē he saw, he saw not, t'was her spheare.

Away then crept he, on his knees and hands,  
 To hide himself, thoght *Venus* came to plauge him,  
 Which she espying "like the Sunne she stands,  
 „As with her beames, she thoght for to aswage him :  
 „But like the Sun, which gaz'd on, blinds the eie,  
 „So He by her, and so refou'ld to die.

At this in wonder, softly did she pace it,  
 Yet suddenly was stayd. His Verses ceaz'd her  
 Which he late writ, forgot, thus was he grac't,  
 She read them ouer, and the writing pleaf'd her :  
 ,For *Cupid* fram'd two *Mottoes* in her hart,  
 ,The one as *Dian's*, the other for his Dart.

„ She read & pittied, reading pittie taught :  
 „She Lou'd and hated, Hate to loue did turne :  
 „She smilde & wept, her weeping smiling brought :  
 „She hop't & fear'd ; her hopes in feare did mourne :  
 She read, lou'd, smil'd & hop't, but twas in vaine ;  
 ,Her teares still dread ; & pittie, hate did gaine.  
 D 2 ,She





*The Passions of Loue.*

,She could haue lou'd him, such true verses making,  
,She might haue lou'd him, and yet loue beguiling,  
,She would haue kist him ; but fear'd his awaking,  
,She might haue kist him, and sleep sweetly smiling.  
    ,She thus afear'd, did feare what she most wished ;  
    ,He thus in hope, still hop'd for that he missed.

He lookte, They two, long each on other gazed,  
Sweet silence pleaded, what each other thought,  
Thus Loue and Fancie both alike amazed,  
As if their tongues and hearts had bin distraught.  
    *Artesias* voyce, thus courted him at length,  
    The more she spake the greater was his strength.

Good gentle Sir, your Fortunes I bemone,  
And wish my state so happy as to ease you,  
But she that grieude you, She it is alone, (pease you,  
Whose breath can cure, and whose kind words ap-  
    VVerē I that She ; heauē should my star extinguish,  
    If you but lou'd me, ere I would relinquish.

Yet noble Sir, I can no loue protest,  
For I am wedded, (oh word full fraught with woe)  
But in such manner, as good loue is blest,  
In honest kindnesse, Ile not proue your foe :  
    Mine owne experience doth my counsell proue,  
    „I know to pittie, yet not care to loue.

A Sister





*The Passions of Loue.*

A Sifter, yet nature hath giuen me,  
A virgin true, right faire, and sweetly kind ;  
If for her good, Fortune hath driuen me  
To be a comfort : your heart shall be her minde,  
My woes yet tells me, she is best a maide : (staide.  
And heere she stopt her teares, her words thus

*Daiphantus* then in number without measure  
Began her praises which no Pen can end,  
Oh Saint, oh Sun of heauen and earth the treasure :  
Who liues if not thy honour to defend ?  
„Ah me, what mortall can be in loue so strange,  
„That wedding vertue will a whoring range ?

She like the morning is still fresh and faire,  
The Elements of her, they all do borrow :  
The Earth, the Fire, the VVaters, and the Ayre,  
There strength, heate, moifture, liuelines : no sorrow  
Can vertue change ? beauty hath but one place,  
The hearts still perfect ; though impald the face.

Oh eyes, no eyes, but Stars still cleerly shining,  
Oh face, no face, but shape of Angells fashion :  
Oh lips, no lips, but blisse, by kisse refining,  
Oh heart, no heart, but of true loue right Passion,  
Oh eyes, face, lips, and heart, if not too cruell,  
To see, seele, tast, and loue, earths rarest Iewell.

D 3

This





*The Passions of Loue.*

This said, he pauf'd, new praises now deuising,  
Kneels to *Apollo*, for his skill and Art,  
When came the Ladies, At which he arising,  
Twixt lip, and lip, he had nor lips nor heart.  
    ,His eyes, their eyes, so sweetly did incumber,  
    Although awak't, yet in a golden slumber.

Most like a Lion, rais'd from slumbring ease,  
He cast his lookes full grimly them among :  
,At length, he firmly knit what might appease  
,His Brow : lok't stedfastly and long  
    ,At one : till all their eyes with his eyes met alike  
    ,On faire *Vitullia* ; who his heart did strike.

*Vitullia* faire, yet browne, So mixt together,  
As Art and Nature stroue, which was the purest :  
So sweet her smilings were, a grace to either,  
That heauens glorie in that face seem'd truest.  
    „*Venus* excepted ; when the God her wooed,  
    „Was ne're so faire, so tempting yet so good.

,VVonder not Mortalls, though all *Poets* faine,  
The *Muses* Graces were in this She's fauour :  
,Nor wonder, though he stroue his tongue to gaine,  
For I leese mine, in thinking of his labour.  
    „Well may he loue, I write, & all wits praise her,  
    „She's so all humble ; Learning cannot raise her.

*Daiphantus*





*The Passions of Loue.*

,*Daiphantus* oft sigh't Oh ; oft said faire,  
 ,Then lookes, and fighes : and thē cryes wonderfull ;  
 ,Thus did he long : and truely t'was not rare  
 ,The object was, which made his mind so dull.  
 ,Pray pardon him ; for better to cry Oh,  
 ,Then feele that passiō which caused him sigh so.

Now, all were silent, not alone this Louer :  
 Till came *Ismenio*, Brother to this Saint, (proue her,  
 Whose haste made sweate, his tongue he could not  
 For this aga'ft him that his heart was faint :  
 Thus all amaz'd ; none knowing any cause,  
 „*Ismenio* breathlesse, here had time to pause.

At length *Ismenio*, who had wit and skill,  
 Question'd the reason of this strange effect :  
 At last related (Haste out-went his will)  
 He told them, he was sent them to direct (please,  
 VVhere hunting sports their eyes should better  
 Who first went foorth, *Daiphantus* most did ease.

They gone, *Daiphantus* to his Standish hies,  
 Thinkes in his writs *Vitullia's* beauties weare,  
 But what he wrote, his *Muse* not iustifies,  
 Bids him take time. “ Loue badly writes in feare :  
 Her worthy praise if he would truly w[r]ite,  
 Her Kisses, *Nector*, must the same indite.

Art





*The Passions of Loue.*

(Art and sweet nature, let your influence droppe  
From me like rayne ; Yes, yes, in golden showres :  
„(VVhose end is Vertue, let him neuer stoppe)  
But fall on her like dewe on sprinkling flowers :  
That both together meeting, may beget  
An *Orpheus*, Two Iems in a soyle richly set.

Thus Rauisht, then distracted as was deem'd,  
Not taught to write of Loue in this extreame,  
In Loue, in feare, yea, trembling as it seem'd,  
If praising her, he should not keepe the meane :  
Thus vext he wept, his teares intreated pittie,  
„(But Loue vnconstant, tunes a wofull Dittie.

Now kneels to *Venus*, Faithfulnesse protested,  
To this, none else, this was his onely Saint,  
Vow'd e're her seruice, Or to be arrested  
To *Venus* Censure ; Thus he left to faint :  
His Loue brought wit, & wit ingendred Sprite,  
True loue and wit, thus learn'd him to indite.

As the milde lambe, runs forth frō shepheards fold,  
By rauenous Woolues is caught and made a praye :  
So is my Sence, by which Loue taketh hold,  
Tormented more then any tonge can faye :  
The difference is, they torturde so doe die,  
I feede the torment, breeds my miserie.

Con-





*The Passions of Loue.*

,Consum'd by her I liue, such is her glory,  
 ,Despis'd of her I loue, I more adore her,  
 Ile ne're write ought, but of her vertues storie,  
 „Beautie vnblasted is the eyes rich storer.  
 If I should die ; Oh who would ring loues knell ?  
 „Faint not *Daiphantus*, wife mē loue not so well.

Like Heauens Artift the Astronomer,  
 Gazing on Starres, oft to the Earth doth fall ;  
 So I *Daiphantus*, now Loues Harbinger,  
 Am quite condemned, to Loues Funerall :  
 „VVho falls by women, by them oft doth rise,  
 „Ladies haue lips to kisse as well as Eyes.

But tush, thou foole, thou lou'ft all thou seest, (neuer  
 VVho once thou louest, thou shouldst change her  
 Constant in Loue *Daiphantus* see thou beest,  
 If thou hope comfort, Loue but once, and euer.  
*Fortune*, Oh, be so good to let me finde  
 A Ladie liuing, of this constant minde.

Oh, I would weare her, in my hearts heart-gore,  
 And place her on the continent of starres :  
 Thinke heauē and earth like her, had not one more,  
 VVould fight for her, till all my face were skarres.  
 ,But if that women be such fickle Shees,  
 „Men may be like them in infirmities.

E

Oh,







### *The Passions of Love.*

Oh no; *Daughters*, women are not in.  
 'Tis but their shadows (Pictures merely painted :  
 Then turn poore *loves*, (Oh heaven) not to my we  
 Then to *Vitallia* : with that word he fainted.  
 Yet she that wounds, did heale. Like her no heaven.  
 „Ods in a man, a woman can make even.

Oh (My) *Vitallia*, let me write (That) downe,  
 Oh sweete *Vitallia* ; nature made thee sweete,  
 Oh kind *Vitallia* ; Truth hath the forest ground :  
 He weepe, or laugh, so that our hearts may meet :  
 „Love is not alwayes merry, nor still weeping,  
 „A drop of each, Loves ioies are swets in sleeping

(Her name) in golden letters on my breist Ile graue.  
 Around my temples in a garland weare,  
 My art shall be, her fauour for to haue :  
 My learning still, her honour high to reare,  
 My lips shall cloze, but to her sacred name  
 My tongue be silent, but to spread her Fame.

In Woodes, Groues, Hills, *Vitallias* name shall ring  
 In Medowes, Orchards, Gardens, sweetest & faire,  
 He leaue the birds, her name alone to sing :  
 All Quires shall chaunt it in a heavenly Aire,  
 „The Day shall be her Vther ; Night her Page :  
 „Heauen her Pallace, and this Earth her stage.

Virgins,





*The Passions of Loue.*

,Virgins pure chaftnes in her eyes fhall be,  
 ,Women, true loue from her true mind fhall learne,  
 ,Widdowes, their mourning in her face fhall fee,  
 ,Children, their dutie in her speech difcerne :  
     And all of them in loue with each but I,  
     Who feare her loue, will make me feare to die.

,My Orifons are ftill to pleafe this creature,  
 ,My vallour fleepes, but when ſhe is defended :  
 ,My wits ftill laded, but when I praife her feature,  
 ,My life is hers, In her begun, and ended.  
     Oh happy day, wherein I weare not willow :  
     Thrice bleſſed night ; wherein her brest's my pillow.

,He ſerue her, as the Miſtreſſe of all pleaſure,  
 ,He loue her, as the Goddeſſe of my ſoule :  
 ,He keepe her, as the Iewell of all treaſure,  
 ,He liue with her ; yet out of lous controule :  
     ,That all may know ; I will not from her part,  
     ,He double locke her, in my lips and heart.

,If ere I figh, It fhall be for her pittie,  
 ,If ere I mourne, her Funerall drawes neare :  
 ,If ere I ſing : her vertue is the dittie,  
 ,If ere I ſmile, her beautie is the ſpheare :  
     ,All that I doe, is that I may admire her,  
     ,All that I wiſh, is that I ſtill deſire her.

E 2

But





### *The Passions of Loue.*

But peace *Daiphantus*: Musicke is onely sweete,  
 When without discord; A Confort makes a heauē,  
 The care is rauisht, when true voyces meete,  
 „Oddes, but in Musicke neuer makes things euen.  
     In voyces difference, breeds a pleasant Dittie;  
     In loue, a difference brings a scornfull pittie.

VVhose was the tongue, *Euriala* defended?  
 VVhose was the wit, *Vrania* did praise?  
 VVhose were the lips *Artesias* voice commended?  
 Whose was the hart, lou'd all, al crown'd with baies:  
     Sure t'was my selfe; what did I? O I tremble,  
     Yet Ile not weep, wife men may loue dissemble.

Fie no; fond loue hath euer his reward,  
 A Sea of teares, A world of sighes and grones:  
 Ah me, *Vitullia* will haue no regard  
 To ease my griefe, and cure me of my mones:  
     If once her care, should hearken to that voyce  
     Relates my Fortunes in Loues fickle choyse.

But now, I will their worth with her's declare,  
 That Truth by Error, may haue her true beeing,  
 „Things good, are lessned by the thing that's rare,  
 „Beautie increaseth, by a blacknesse seeing.  
     ,W[h]o so is faire and chaste, they sure are best,  
     „Such is *Vitullia*, such are all the rest.

But





### *The Passions of Loue.*

,But she is faire, and chaste, and wise, what then ?  
 ,So are they all, without a difference :  
 ,She's faire, chaste, wise, and kinde, yes to all men,  
 The rest are so : Number makes Excellence.  
 ,She's faire, chaste, wise, kind, rich, yet humble,  
 ,They three her equall : " vertue cā neuer stumble.

,*Vitallia* is the Sunne, they starres of night,  
 ,Yet night's the bosome wherein the Sun doth rest :  
 ,The Moone her selfe borrowes of the Suns light,  
 'All by the starres take counsell to be blest.  
 „The day's the Sonne : yet *Cupid* can it blind,  
 „The stars at night : sleepe cares ; troubled mind.

,She is a Rose, the fairest, so the sweetest,  
 ,She is a Late, whose belly tastes the *Muske*,  
 ,She is my Pride, yet makes me despise all *Motes*,  
 ,She is my Life, yet sickens me with *Phisicke* :  
 ,She is a Virgin, that makes her a Lewd,  
 ,She will not loue me, therein she is true.

,*Enriale*, is like sleepe when one is wake ;  
 „*Francis* is like a golden lumbe.  
 „*Artapher* voyce like dreames that makes men sleepe,  
 „*Vittalia* like a Beel all these incursions.     *God*,  
 1 Sleepe, 2 Summer ; *Demetrius* 3 *God* is  
 First Second Third but the Fourth is best.

(Ja.





*The Passions of Loue.*

Oh, but *Vitullia*, what ? She's wonders prittie,  
 Oh I, and what ? so is she very faire ;  
 Oh yes, and what ? she's like her selfe most wittie :  
 And yet, what is she ? She is all but Aire.  
     What can Earth be, but Earth ? so we are all,  
     Peace then my *Muse* ; Opinion oft doth fall.

,*Euriale*, I honour for humilitie,  
 ,*Vrania*, I reuerence for her wit,  
 ,*Artefia*, I adore for true agillitie,  
 ,Three *Graces* for the Goddeses most fit :  
     Each of these gifts are blessed in their faces,  
     Oh, what's *Vitullia*, who hath all these Graces ?

She's but a Ladie, So are all the rest,  
 As pure, as sweet, as modest, yea as loyall ;  
 Yes, She's the shadow (shadowes are the left)  
 Which tells the houre of vertue by her Dyall :  
     ,By her, men see there is on earth a heauen,  
     ,By thē, men know her vertues are match't euen

In praying all, much time he vainly spent,  
 Yet thought none worthy but *Vitullia* ;  
 Then cal'd to minde, he could not well repent  
 The loue he bare the wife *Vrania*.

*Euriale*, *Artefia*, all, such beauties had, (mad.  
 Which as they pleas'd him, made him well nigh

*Euria-*





*The Passions of Loue.*

,*Eurialæ*, her beauty his eye-sight harmed,  
,*Vrania*, her wit his tongue incensed,  
,*Artefia*, her voyce his eares had charmed,  
,Thus poore *Daiphantus*, was with loue tormented.  
    *Vitullias* beautie as he did impart,  
    The others vertues vanquished his heart.

At length he grew, as in an extasie  
Twixt loue and loue, whose beautie was the truer,  
His thoughts thus diuers as in a Lunacie,  
He starts and stares, to see whose was the purer :  
    Oft treads a Maze, runs, suddenly then stayes,  
    Thus with himselfe, himself makes many frayes.

Now with his fingers, like a Barber snaps,  
Playes with the fire-pan, as it were a Lute,  
Vnties his shoe-strings, then his lips he laps,  
Whistles awhile, and thinkes it is a Flute :  
    At length, a glasse presents it to his sight,  
    Where well he acts, fond loue in passions right.

His chin he strokes, sweares beardles men kisse best,  
His lips anoynts, sayes Ladyes vse such fashions,  
Spets on his Napkin ; termes that, the Bathing Iest,  
Then on the dust, describes the Courtier's passion.  
    Then humble cal's : though they do still aspire,  
    'Ladies then fall, when Lords rise by Desire.

Then





*The Passions of Loue.*

Then stradling goes, saies Frenchmen feare no  
Vowes he will trauaile, to the Siege of *Brest*, (Beares  
Swears Captaines, they doe all against the heare :  
Protests Tabacco, is A smoke-dride Iest,  
Takes vp his pen, for a Tabacco-pipe ;  
Thus all besmeard, each lip the other wipe.

His breath, he thinkes the smoke ; his tongue a cole,  
Then calls for bottell-ale ; to quench his thirst :  
Runs to his Inke-pot, drinkes, then stops the hole,  
And thus growes madder, then he was at first.

*Tasso*, he finds, by that of *Hamlet*, thinkes (drinks.  
Terms him a mad-man ; than of his Inkhorne

Calls Players fooles, the foole he iudgeth wifest,  
Will learne them Action out of *Chaucers* Pander :  
Proues of their Poets bawdes euen in the highest,  
Then drinkes a health ; and sweares it is no slander.

Puts off his cloathes ; his shirt he onely weares,  
Much like mad-*Hamlet* ; thus as Passion teares.

Who calls me forth from my distracted thought ?  
Oh *Serenas*, If thou, I prethy speke ?  
Reuenge if thou ? I was thy Riual ought,  
In purple gores Ile make the ghosts to reake :

*Vitullia*, oh *Vitullia*, be thou still,  
Ile haue reuenge, or harrow vp my will.

Ile





*The Passions of Loue.*

Ile fallow vp the wrinkles of the earth,  
 Goe downe to Hell and knocke at *Plutoes* gate,  
 Ile turne the hilles to vallies : make a dearth  
 ,Of vertuous honour to eternall Fate.  
 Ile beate the windes, & make the tydes keepe back,  
 Reigne in the sea, That Louers haue no wrack.

Yes, tell the Earth, it is a Murderer,  
 Hath slayne *Vitullia*, oh, *Vitullia's* dead :  
 Ile count blinde *Cupid* for a Conjuror,  
 And with wilde horses will I rend his head.  
 I with a Pickax, will plucke out his braines,  
 Laugh at this Boy, ease Louers of much paines.

Oh then, Ile flie, Ile swim, yet stay ; and then  
 Ile ride the Moone, & make the cloudes my Horse,  
 „Make me a Ladder of the heads of men,  
 Clime vp to heauen : yes, my tongue will force  
 To Gods and Angels ; Oh, Ile neuer end,  
 Till for *Vitullia* all my cries I spend.

Then like a spirit of pure Innocence,  
 Ile be all white, and yet behold Ile cry  
 Reuenge, Oh Louers this my sufferance,  
 Or else for Loue, for Loue, a foule must die.  
*Eurialæ, Vrania, Artefa*, Soe :  
 Heart rent in sunder, with these words of woe.

F

But







*The Passions of Loue.*

But soft, here comes : who comes ? and not calls out  
Of Rape and Murder, Loue and Villanie :

„Stay wretched man, (who runs) doth neuer doubt  
It is thy Soule, thy Saint, thy Deitie :

Then call the Birds to ring a mourning Knell,  
For mad *Daiphantus*, who doth loue so well.

Oh sing a Song, parted in parcels three,  
I'le beare the burthen still of all your griefe,  
„Who is all woe, can tune his miserie  
„To discontents, but not to his reliefe.

Oh kisse her, kisse her, And yet do not do so : (wo.  
They bring some ioy, but with short ioyes long

Vpon his knees ; Oh Goddeffes behold,  
A Caitife wretch bemoning his mishappe,  
If cuer pittie, were hired without gold,  
Lament *Daiphantus*, once in *Fortunes* Lappe : (ber,  
Lament *Daiphantus*, whose good deeds now flū-  
Lamēt a louer, whose wo no tongue can nūber.

My woes : there did he stay, fell to the ground,  
Rightly diuided into blood and teares,  
As if those words had giuen a mortall wound,  
So lay he foming, with the waight of cares.

Who this had seene, and seeing had not wept,  
Their hearts were sure from crosses euer kept.

The





*The Passions of Loue.*

The Ladies all, who late from hunting came,  
Vntimely came, to view this Mappe of sorrow,  
Surely all wept, and sooth it was no shame,  
For, from his grief, the world might truly borrow.

As he lay speechlesse, grou'ling, all vndrest,  
So they stood weeping, silence was their best.

*Ismenio* with these Ladies bare a part, (why,  
And much bemoan'de him, though he knew not  
But kinde compassion, strooke him to the heart,  
To see him mad : much better see one die.

Thus walkes *Ismenio*, and yet oft did pause :  
At length, A writing made him know the cause.

He read, till words like thunder pierst his hart ;  
He sight't, till sorrow seem'd it selfe to mourne,  
He wept, till teares like yfacles did part,  
He pittied so, that pittie hate did scorne.

He read to sigh, and weepe for pitties fake,  
The lesse he read, the lesse his heart did quake.

At length resolu'd, he vp the writing takes,  
And to the Ladies trauels as with childe,  
The birth was Loue, (such loue as discord makes ;)  
The Midwife *Patience*, thus in words full milde,

He writ with teares, that which with blood was  
The more he read, the more they pittied it. (writ,

F 2

They





*The Passions of Loue.*

They looke vpon *Daiphantus*, he not seeing,  
And wondred at him, but his sence was parted,  
They lou'd him much ; though little was his beeing,  
And sought to cure him, thogh he was saint harted :

*Ismenio* thus, with speed resolues to ease him,  
By a sweet song, his Sister should appease him.

*Ismenio* was resolu'd, he would be eased,  
And was resolu'd, of no meanes, but by Musicke,  
Which is so heauenly that it hath released  
The danger oft, not to be cur'd by Phisicke,  
Her tongue and hand, thus married together  
Could not but please him, who so loued either.

But first before his madnesse were alayd,  
They offred Incence at *Dianaes* Shrine,  
And much befought her, now to be apayd :  
Which was soone granted to these Saintes diuine.  
Yet so : that mad *Daiphantus* must agree,  
Neuer to loue, but liue in Chastitie.

Thus they adjur'd him, by the Gods on high,  
Neuer hence soorth to shoote with *Cupids* Quiuer,  
Nor loue to seine ; for ther's no remedie,  
If once relapst, then was he mad for euer :  
Tortur'd *Daiphantus*, now a signe did make,  
And kinde *Ismenio*, this did vndertake.

Then





*The Passions of Loue.*

Then gan *Artesia* play vpon her Lute,  
 Whose voyce sang sweetly, now a mourning Ditty,  
 „Loue her admir'd, thogh he that lou'd were mute,  
*Cupid* himselfe feard he should sue for pittie,  
 Oh wondrous vertue ! words spokē are but wind,  
 But sung to prick-song, they are ioyes diuine.

,I heard her sing, but still methought I dreamed,  
 ,I heard her play, but I methought did sleepe,  
 ,The Day and Night, till now were neuer weaned,  
 ,*Venus*, and *Dian* rauisht ; both did weepe.  
 ,They which each hated, now agreed to say,  
 ,This was the Goddesse both of night and day.

My heart and cares, so rauisht with her voyce,  
 I still forgot, what still I heard her sing,  
 The tune : Surely of Sonnets this was all the choice,  
 Poets do keepe it as a charming thing.  
 ,What thinke you of the ioyes that *Daiphātus* had,  
 ,When for such Musicke I would still be mad ?

The Birdes came chirping to the windowes round,  
 And so stood still, as if they rauisht weare,  
 Beasts forth the forrest came, brought with the soūd,  
 The Lyon layd him downe as if in feare.

The Fishes in fresh Riuers swam to shore,  
 ,Yea, had not Nature stayd them, had done more.

F 3

This





*The Passions of Loue.*

This was a sight, whose eyes had euer seene?  
This was a voice, such musick nere was heard,  
This paradise was it, where who had bene  
Might well haue thought of hell and not asfeard.  
Sure hell it selfe, was heauen in this spheare,  
Mad-men, wild beasts, & all, here tamed weare.

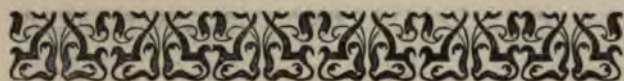
Like as a King his chaire of state ascendeth,  
(Being newly made a God vpon the earth:  
In stately amounts till step by step, he endeth,  
Thinks it to heauen A true ascending birth:  
So hies *Daiphantus*, on his legs and feete,  
As if *Daiphantus*, now some God should meete.

He lookes vpon himselfe, not without wonder,  
He wonders at himselfe, what he might be:  
He laughes vnto himselfe, thinks he's a slumber,  
He weepes vnto himselfe, himselfe to see:  
And fure to heare and see what he had done,  
Might make him sweare, but now  $\frac{1}{2}$  world begun.

Fully reuiued, at last *Artesia* ceast,  
When Beasts and Birds, so hideous noife did make  
That almost all turnd furie, feare was the least,  
Yea such a feare, as forc't them cry and quake.  
Till that *Daiphantus*, more of reason had,  
Then they which mon'd him, lately being mad.

He





*The Passions of Loue.*

He with more ioy, than words could well declare,  
And with more words, than his new tongue could  
Did striue to speake, such was his loue & care (tell,  
Thus to be thankfull: But yet knew not well,  
    , VWhether his tongue, not tun'd vnto his hart,  
    , Or modest silence, would best act his part.

But speake he will; then giue attentiu eare  
To heare him tell a wofull Louers storie,  
His hands and eyes to heauen vp did he reare:  
Griefe taught him speech; though he to speake were  
    But whatfouer be a Louers passion,                   (sorrie.  
    *Daiphantus* speakes his, in a mourning fashon.

As o're the Mountains walkes, the wandring foule  
Seeking for rest in his vnresting spirit,  
So good *Daiphantus* (thinking to inroule  
Himselfe in grace, by telling of loues merit)  
    VVas so distracted how he should commend it,  
    VVhere he began, he wished still to end it.

*Eurialæ*, my eyes are hers in right  
*Vrania* my tongue is as her dewe,  
*Artesia*, my cares, to her I dight,  
My heart to each. And yet my heart to you:  
    To you *Vitullia*, to you, and all the rest:  
    VVho once me cursed; now to make me blest.

Beautie





*The Passions of Loue.*

1 Beauty & 2, wit did 1 wound & 2 pearce my heart,  
 3 Musicke and 4 Fauour 3 gain'd and 4 kept it sure :  
 Loue lead by 3 Fancie to the 4 last I part,  
 Loue lead by Reason to the first is truer.

3 Beautie and wit first conquered, made me yeild  
 3 Musique & 4 Fauour, rescued, got the field.

To 1 Wit and 2 Beautie, my first loue I giue,  
 Musicke 3 & 4 Fauours, my second loue have gaind,  
 All made me mad : and all did me relieue :  
 Though one recur'd me, when I was sustaind :  
 Thus troth to say, to all I loue did owe.  
 Therefore to all my loue I euer vowe.

1 & 2

Thus to the first his right hand he did tender,  
 His left hand to the 3 & 4 last, most louingly, 4 :  
 His tongue kind thanks, first to the last did render,  
 The while his lookes were bent indifferently :  
 Thus he salutes all, & to increase his Blissess,  
 From lip, to lip, each Ladie now he kisses.

*Amoris* (in humble wise salutes he)

With gracious language he returnes his heart,  
 His words so sweetly to his tongue now futes he,  
 As what he spake, shew'd learning with good Art.

~~Amoris~~ pleasse *Daiphantus*, *Daiphantus* all,

When loue, gaines loue, for loue ; this loue we cal.

*Vrania*





*The Passions of Loue.*

*Vrania* now, bethought what was protested  
By yong *Ismenio* at *Dianas* shrine ;  
Coniur'd *Daiphantus*, That no more he lested,  
With Loue or Fancie, for they were Diuine :  
And if he did, that there they all would pray,  
He still might liue in loue, both night and day.

This greew'd him much, but follie twas to grieue,  
His now obedience shew'd his owne freewill :  
He swore he would not loue (in shewe) atchieue,  
But liue a virgin, chaste and spotlesse still.  
Which saide : such Musicke suddenly delighted,  
As all were rauisht, and yet all affrighted.

Here parted all, not without Ioy and sadnes,  
Some wept, some smilde, a world it was to here them :  
Both springs heere met, woe heere was cloath'd with gladnes:  
Heauen was their comfort, it alone did cheere them.  
*Daiphantus* from these springs, some fruit did gather,  
„Experience is an Infant, though an ancient father.

Sweet Lady know “the soule lookes through our eye-  
„Content liues not in shewes, or beauty seeing, (sights,  
„Peace not from nomber, nor strength in high spirits :  
„Ioy dies with vertue, yet liues in vertues being.  
„Beautie is maskt, where vertue is not hidden,  
„Man still desires that fruite he's most forbidden.

G

Iewells







*The Passions of Loue.*

„Jewels for Vertue, not for beautie prizde,  
 „Whats sildome seene breeds wonder, we admir'de it :  
 „Kings Lines are rare : and therefore well aduiz'de,  
 „Wife-men not often talke, Fooles still desire it. sure,  
 „Womē are books (kept clofe) they hold much trea-  
 „Vnclespt : sweet ills : most woe lies hid in pleasure.

„Who studies Arts alike, can he proue Doctor ?  
 „Who surfets hardly liues ? Drunkards recouer :  
 „Whose wils his law, that cōscience needs no Proctor ;  
 „Whē men turn beasts looke there for briutish Louers.  
 „Those eies are pore-blind, looke equally on any,  
 „Though't be a vertue to hinder one by many.

„Who gains by trauel, leese lordships for their Manors,  
 „Must *Tarquin*-rauish some ; Hell on that glory, (nors,  
 „Whose life's in Healths, death soonest gains those Ba-  
 „Lust still is punish't, though treason write the storie.  
 „A rowling eye, A Globe, new worlds discouer,  
 „Who still wheels round, is *But a damned Louer*.

„Doth *Faith* and *Troth* lye Bathing ? Is Lust pleasure ?  
 „Can Commons be as sweete, as Land inclos'd ?  
 „Then virgin sinne may well be counted pleasure,  
 „Where such Lords rule, who liues not ill dispos'd ?  
 „True Loue's a *Phœnix*, but One vntill it dyes,  
 „Lust is a *Cockatrice*, in all, but in her eyes.

Here







*The Passions of Loue.*

„Beautie and Vertue, was true Friend to either,  
„Heauen is the spheare, where all men seeke for glorie :  
„Earth is the Graue, where sinners ioyned together,  
„Hell keeps the booke, inrowles each lustfull storie.  
„Liue as we will, death makes of all conclusion,  
„Die then to liue, or life is thy confusion.

,Beautie and wit in these, fed on affection,  
,Labour and industry, were their Twins of life :  
,Loue, and true Bounty, were in their subiection,  
,Their Bodies with their spirits had no strife.  
Such were these two, As grace did them defend,  
Such are these two, As with these two I end.

FINIS.

*Non Amori sed Virtuti.*





# The Pafsionate mans Pil-

grimage, fupposed to be written by  
*one at the point of death.*

G Iue me my Scallop fhell of quiet,  
My ftaffe of Faith to walke vpon,  
My Scrip of Ioy, Immortall diet,  
My bottle of faluation :  
My Gowne of Glory, hopes true gage,  
And thus Ile take my pilgrimage.

Blood muft be my bodies balmer,  
No other balme will there be giuen  
Whilst my foule like a white Palmer  
Trauels to the land of heauen,  
Ouer the filuer mountaines,  
Where fpring the Nectar fountaines :  
And there Ile kiffe  
The Bowle of bliffe,  
And drinke my eternall fill  
On euery milken hill.  
My foule will be a drie before,  
But after it, will nere thirft more.

H

And





*The passionate mans Pilgrimage.*

And by the happie blisfull way  
More peacefull Pilgrims I shall see,  
That haue shooke off their gownes of clay,  
And goe appareld fresh like mee.  
He bring them first  
To slake their thirst,  
And then to tast those Nectar suckets.  
At the cleare wells  
Where sweetnes dwells,  
Drawne vp by Saints in Chrifall buckets.

And when our bottles and all we,  
Are filld with immortalitie :  
Then the holy paths weece trauell  
Strewde with Rubies thicke as grauell,  
Seelings of Diamonds, Saphire floores,  
High walles of Corall and Pearle Bowres.

From thence to heauens Bribeles hall  
Where no corrupted voyces brall,  
No Conscience molten into gold,  
Nor forg'd accusers bought and sold,  
No cause deferd, nor vaine spent Iorney,  
For there Christ is the Kings Attourney :  
Who pleades for all without degrees,  
And he hath Angells, but no fees.

When





*The passionate Mans Pilgrimage.*

VVhen the grand twelue million Iury,  
Of our sinnes and sinfull fury,  
Gainst our soules blacke verdicts giue,  
Christ pleades his death, and then we liue.  
Be thou my speaker taintles pleader,  
Vnblotted Lawyer, true proceeder,  
Thou mouest saluation euen for almes :  
Not with a bribed Lawyers palmes.

And this is my eternall plea,  
To him that made Heauen, Earth and Sea,  
Seeing my flesh must die so soone,  
And want a head to dine next noone,  
Iust at the stroke when my vaines start and  
Set on my foule an euerlasting head. (spred  
Then am I readie like a palmer fit,  
To tread those blest paths which before I  
(writ.

F I N I S .





# DOLARNYS PRIMEROSE.

Or

The first part of the passionate Hermit: *wherein is expressed the lively passions of Zeale and Loue, with an alluding discourse to Valours ghost. Both pleasant and profitable, if iudiciously read, and rightly vnderstood.*

*Non est Beatus, esse qui se nescit.*

WRITTEN BY A PRACTITIONER  
in Poesie, and a stranger amongst Poets, which  
causeth him dread this sentence:

*Nihil ad Parmenonis suum.*



AT LONDON

Printed by *G. Eld*, and are to bee sold by *Robert Boulton*,  
at his shop in Smithfield, neere long lane end.

1606.





To the right Honourable, *Esme Stewart*, Lord of *Aubigny*, and one of the Gentlemen of his Maiesties bed-Chamber ; ennobled  
*with the rarest gifts that honour may afforde,*  
or vertue challenge :  
*John Raynolds*, wisheth happy increase of all noble  
and renowned resolutions.



*Summoning my senses together ( Right honourable ) and weighing your Lordships worth, and my imperfections : Dispaire had almost checkt my too too presumptuous forwardnesse, onely for intending to present this simple worke into the hands of so noble a person : But Hope (chiefe mistresse of Desire, and enemy of Feare) began to animate my trembling thoughts with these perswasions.*

*Virgil, whose curious inuentions haue made his name immortal, (though not for imitation, yet for pleasure) read Ennius rough Poesies: the Delphian Oracle gaue Socrates as good a sentence for his well meaning mite, as to the proudest Athenians, for their heapes of treasure. All that was pleaded before the Romane Senators, was not vttered by Tully, yet was it heard and allowed with plausible censures. Xerxes accepted as well of the poore mans handfull of water, as of the riche mans Goblet of gold.*

*Thus beholding right Honorable (as in a mirror) the estates or proceedings of passed times, and hauing in homely manner penned these few vnpolished lines, I presume to present them into your Lordships hands: which although they are not stretched to the delicate treble keye of such refined Poems, as*

*A 2*

*Maro*

### The Epistle Dedicatory.

*Maro sung in the eares of Augustus, yet they may bee rightly called, the fruits of as well intended thoughts. For Phidias labored as hard with his (selfe conceipted sharp) pensil, as Apelles, with his approued skil. Euery painter cannot counterfeite lawne, with Parrhasius, nor proportion the Ciclops, with Tymantes. Maiaes sonne refused not to tast on Baucis, faire Ioue was content with Philemons entertaynement. Although Fors Fortuna gaue Vlisses, the sentence for his curious smothernesse, yet Ajax had an applawdit for his rough plainenes: & as no counsel could reuoke. Fabius but Terentias fayrnesse, nor no surgion cure Hipolite but Esculapius, so no sunne can beautifie these deformed lines, but the glimpses of your Lordships fauour, nor no salue be able to set these mangled strayns a foote, vnlesse it be ministred by your noble protecting hand. I seeke not Afcanius rich cloake for brauerie, but couet with Damidas Parret, to bee sheltered from the vultures tirany.*

*Then Right honorable, if it wil please your Lordship to harbour this handfull of harsh sounding fillables vnder the safe conduct of your honours faire protection, I shall not onely thinke them sufficiently guarded from enuious tongues: but also esteeme my selfe happie, to haue them shadowed vnder the winges of so worthy a Mecænas. Thus hoping (though not for the worth of the present, yet for the true heart of the giuer of) your honors gentle patronage, & resting in that hope I wish your honour the happie enioying of your honourable wishes.*

Your Lordships in all duty to be commanded.

I. R.



To the Right Honourable Lord,  
*Aubigny, health eternall.*

What nere seene gemme, shall I deuise to set,  
Vpon your helme, your temples to ingert ?  
What trophe rare, what wreath or Coronet,  
Can guerdonize, your meriting desert ?

O let me pollish, some nere written line,  
To fit your worth, for worldlings to peruse :  
And place it in, that loftie creft of thine,  
Whose siluer showers, nourisheth my muse.

Making them spring, as flow'rs from frosty earth,  
Which *Aprill* deaws, the worlds broad eye to view :  
Which else had died, and nere obtained birth,  
Had they not gain'd, encouragement of you.

Bafe are the thoughts, that longs to write and dare not,  
Then if you fmile, let others frowne, (I care not.)

Your Lordships euer  
humbly deuoted :

*Iohn Raynolds.*

A 3

To



## To the Gentle Readers

*whatsoever.*

**W**Hat should I scrape, or beg, at pardons gate,  
With prostrate termes, to helpe my stranger rimes  
When as I know, that in this wau'ring state,  
None well can please, these fickle enuious times.

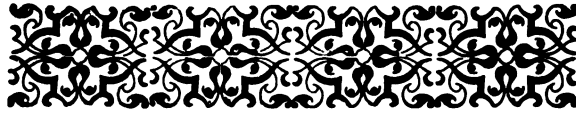
Therefore I craue, no other boone but this,  
Vpon my lines, let euery fancie deeme  
What please them best : well, meane, or flatte amisse,  
No whit the worfe, I will of them esteeme.

For enuious cures, will bawle at strangers true,  
When neighbor theeues, vnseene may filch & steale :  
But trustie mastifes, or by sent or view,  
The priuie drifts, of both will soone reueale.

Then if the learned, seeke not to despite me,  
Let Enuie barke, I know he cannot bite me.

*Yours, I. R.*





*In laudem Authoris.*

THOUGH carping spight, should fit in *Momus* chaire,  
And *Zoylus* fume, gnawing his venime Iawes :  
Though *Crittick Satires*, raue and rend their haire,  
And Enuy threat mee, with his fulfom pawes.

Yet this my pen, for *Raynolds* sake shall write,  
Whose nouell lines, vnfoldes a fertill spring :  
Reueales at large, found loue in zealous plight,  
Inchac'd with wo, and warlike sonneting.

Delightfull Poems, ioyn'd with pleasant good,  
And harmeleffe pleasure, mixt with loftie straines :  
Then foule *Thersites*, cease thy rayling moode,  
And giue at leaft, good words for so much paines.

But if abroad, thy enuy needs must flie,  
Despight not him, who seekes to pleasure thee.

*Abraham Sauere Gentleman.*





## DOLARNYS

*Primerose.*

WHen flowring May, had with her morning deawes,  
Watred the meadowes, and the vallies greene,  
The tender Lambes, with nimble-footed Eawes,  
Came forth to meete, the wanton sommers Queene :  
The liuely Kidds, came with the little Fawnes,  
Tripping with speed, ouer the pleasant lawnes.

To heare how that, dame Natures new-come broodes,  
Began to set, their sweet melodious notes,  
With fugred tunes, amidst the leaue woodes,  
Inchaunting musicke, through their pretty throats :  
By whose sweet straines, right well it might appeare,  
The pride of Sommer, to be drawing neere.

Then bright *Apollo*, threw his radiant smiles,  
Into the lappes, of each delicious spring.  
Where *Philomele*, the weary time beguiles,  
In grouie shades, fountaines inuironing :  
The late bare trees, there sportiuely did growe,  
With leaue sprigs on euery branch and bowe.

In garments green, the medows fayre did ranck it,  
The vallies lowe of garments greene were glad,  
In garments greene, the pastures proud did pranck it,  
The daly grounds in garments greene were clad.  
Each hill and dale, each bush and brier were seene,  
Then for to florish, in their garments greene.

B

Thus



*Dolarnys Primeroſe.*

Thus as the medowes, foreſts and the feelds,  
In ſumptuous tires, had deckt their daynty ſlades  
The florifhing trees, [that] wanton pleaſure yeelds,  
Keeping the funne, from out their ſhadie ſhades :  
    On whoſe greene leaues, vpon each calmie day,  
    The gentle wind, with dallying breath did play.

The Oake, the Elme, the Alder and the Aſhe,  
Were richly clad, in garments gay and greene,  
The Aſpen trees, that oft the waters waſh,  
In like arraiment, then were neatly ſeene :  
    The lou'ly Lawrell, precious, rich and faire,  
    With Odors ſweet, did fill the holeſeme ayre.

Their ſpreading armes, their branches and their boughes  
Were made a bower, for the pritty birds,  
Where Philomele, did come to pay her vowes,  
With ſugred tunes, in ſteed of wofull words :  
    Their lofty tops, of towring branches ſayre,  
    Dampt with the muſicke, of delicious ayre.

Whoſe hawty pride, regarded mirth nor moanes,  
But with ambition, view'd the ſommer flowers,  
Their labells hang'd with quiuering dew-pearld ſtones,  
Did repreſent, ſpangles on am'rous bowers :  
    There grouy ſhade, ſuch pleaſing ayre did lend,  
    As doth on groues, and grouy ſhades attend.

Vnweldy trees, gorgeous to behold,  
Stood hand in hand, with branches all combining,  
Their Gentle armes, each other did infold,  
With Iuye ſprigges, vpon their bodies climbing :  
    The more to breake, the hot reflexing rayes,  
    Of bright *Apollo*, in the ſommer dayes.

Drawne

*Dolarnys Primerose.*

Drawne by the pleasure, of delightfull ayre,  
Those checkred borders, oft I did frequent,  
And underneath, those shadowes fresh and faire,  
The weary time, oft wearily I spent :  
Where at the length, it was my chance to meete,  
An aged man, whom I did kindly greet.

He myrror like, for nurture, discipline,  
Repay'd my words, with courteous kind regreeting,  
Then drew we neere, a fayre-spread-shady pine,  
Vnder whose boughes, we solemniz'd our meeting :  
Whereas long time, the time did not pursue,  
But that familiar, in discourse we grew.

His aged wit, so pregnant made mee muse,  
With courtly tearmes, and eloquence all flowing,  
And such they were, that caus'd me t'accuse,  
Mine owne so dull, that spent my time nought knowing :  
His tongue-sweet notes, ti'd mine eares in chaines,  
So that my senses, were rauisht with his straynes.

The sweetest musicke, tuch'd with curious hand,  
Whose tones harmonious, bath's a list'ning eare,  
Forcing fierce Tygers, all amazed stand,  
Vnto his voyce compard, did harshly iarre :  
Which caused me, with earnest fute to craue,  
Some story from, his pleasing selfe to haue.

Who neither graunted, nor denied the motion,  
With pleasant fadnesse, stood as in a muse ;  
Whilst I infard, with his so sweet deuotion,  
Fixed mine eyes, his mutenesse to peruse :  
But then his tongue, broke off his contemplation,  
And thus began, discourse with inuocation.

B 2

O

*Dolarnys Primerose.*

O thou great guider, of the guidelesse nine,  
With sacred deaw, my witleffe wit inspire,  
Water my senses, with thy Nectar fine,  
Rauish my breast, with thy all hallowed fire :  
So that my tongue, stray not in fond delight,  
But in his course, wonder thy mighty might.

When liuely bloud, did run within my veines,  
I tooke delight, to trauell here and there,  
So much as then, my parents gaue my reins,  
Vnto my selfe, to see how I could beare  
The fickle flights, of Fortunes turning wheele,  
Which like Silenus, drunkenly doth reele.

The spring drew on, and youth did fill my pores,  
Earnest desire, bred a straying motion,  
Within my breast, to see the Cambrian shoares,  
That boundes vpon, the all vntamed Ocean :  
Where huge steep rockes, shadeth each couert plaine,  
Beaten with waues, from the Hiber[n]ian mayne.

And in a morne, when *Phæbus* faire did rise,  
Out off his bed, the mountaines to discouer,  
Climbing the lofty gresses of the skies,  
With longing steppes, to ouertake his louer :  
My greedy eyes, desir'd to feed their sight,  
Vpon the sweet'st, of Cambriaes delight.

Then did I walke, toward those rising hills,  
Where carefull pastors, of their Kids were keeping,  
Whil'st lazie swaynes, their fore-duld senses kills,  
By entertayning, too much time with sleeping :  
There did Pastoraes, with their roundelayes,  
Passe with delight, the sommer of their dayes.

There

*Dolarnys Primerose.*

There might I see, the lofty Cedar trees,  
From branch to bough, where pretty birds were skipping,  
Their honey leaves, did feede the busie Bees,  
Vnder whose shade, the milke white Does were tripping :  
    Their spreading armes, waile Iuie all combining,  
    Where might be scene, the nimble Squirrel climbing.

There did I see, the valleys where the flocks,  
Of fearefull Ewes, and tender Lambes were feeding,  
The little springs, that do runne by the rockes,  
The leauey shrubs, where pretty birds were breeding :  
    There Philomele, with sweet recording fills,  
    The plaines with musicke, echoing from the hilles,

I walkt along, that faire adorned field,  
Till that I came, to a delicious spring,  
Whose smiling current, did such pleasure yeeld,  
As sweet content, vnto content could bring :  
    There did I rest, and stay my selfe a while,  
    Some tedious howers, thinking to beguile.

For why ? that fount, as pleasantly was plaft,  
As if delight, should lodge betwene two paps,  
Freed with content, from Boreas northern blast,  
Or as a Carpet, twixt two Ladyes laps :  
    Inuiron'd round, with their displaying tresses,  
    Whose amber shade, that golden Carpet blefles.

Faire quivering mirtle, did ingirt the spring,  
With Iefamins sweet, and flowing Eglantine,  
Vnder whose shade, the pretty birds did sing,  
Melodious strains, celestiall and diuine :  
    With Delphian tunes, such as the muses playes,  
    Filling the thickets, with their sweet delays.

B 3

The

*Dolarnys Primeroſe.*

The rouling pibbles, and the flinty ſtones,  
Were ſoftly by a ſhallow current turned,  
The murmering water, played with ſiluer ton's,  
Loth to depart, and ſtaying running mourned :  
    Whoſe trickling-chriſtall, muſicke-ſounding voice,  
    Into mine eares, did yeeld a pleaſing noyſe.

Such were the mirth, and pleaſant harmony,  
The Organ ayre, did gently ſeeme to make,  
With dulcean ſtraynes, of heauenly melody,  
As once *Mercurie* whiſpred by the Lake :  
    Whoſe trembling breath, new deſcants did deuise,  
    Till *Iunoes Argus*, cloſ'd his hundred eyes.

The pritty birds, did beare a ſweete record,  
The bubling ſtreames, the vnder-ſong did keepe,  
The dallying wind, ſuch muſicke did afford,  
That almoſt rockt, my ſenſes faſt a ſleepe :  
    And well neare cauſ'd me, for to take a nappe,  
    As I lay muſing, in yong *Tellus* lappe.

But then I heard, a ſad lamenting voyce,  
The which did cut, a paſſage through the ayre,  
And fild the woodes, with ſuch a dolefull noiſe,  
That all the groues, ſeem'd cloyed vp with care :  
    Which forc'd me, from that place for to ariſe,  
    And cloſ'd againe, my well neere ſlumbering eyes.

Then drew I neere, a little riſing rocke,  
Where as the waues, did daſh their high curld browes,  
The birds and beaſts, together they did flocke,  
Cooling themſelues, vnder thoſe ſhady boughes :  
    Which dangling hung, like to a golden fleece,  
    Over the head, of fayre *Amphriſus* neece.

And

*Dolarnys Primeroſe.*

And vnderneath, a pleaſant Hawthorne tree,  
The which did grow, neere to that rockie hill,  
There did I ſtand, to liſten and to ſee,  
The dolefull noyſe, the which the ayre did fill :  
    I ſtayd not long, but well I might deſcrie,  
    VVhence did proceed, that wofull harmonye.

For neare that place, a ſtately pine did grow,  
Angerly ſhaking, of his leauy crowne,  
At whoſe ſterne feet, the humble ſhrubs did bow,  
Fearing the terrour, of his rugged frowne :  
    Vnder whoſe armes, a wofull man did dwell,  
    The which did hold, that bower for his cell.

Where he did often, with lamenting cries,  
Bewray the cauſe, of all his woefull cares,  
The which did ſeeme, to pierce the vaulty ſkies,  
And to diſſolue, hard flints to briniſh teares :  
    To fill the woods, with noyſe as loud as thunder,  
    To ſplitt hard rockes, and rend great trees afunder.

Whom when I did, with full aſpect behold,  
I muſing ſtood, his grieuous grones to heare,  
His prayers were plaints, his ſobs his ſolace told,  
His myrth was moane, his cries were full of care :  
    With broken ſighes, a thouſand times and more,  
    Thus he began, his forrowes to deplore.

Why did I breath ? why did I take the ayre ?  
Why did I fuck ? why was I fed with milke ?  
Why was I young ? why was I counted faire ?  
Why was I nurſt ? why was I clad in ſilke ?  
    Why did I liue ? why dyed I not being yong ?  
    Why was I lul'd ? why was I ſweetly fung ?

What

*Dolarnys Primeroſe.*

What cruell planet, gouerned at my birth ?  
VVhat diſmall ſtarre, that day or night did ſhine ?  
VVhat loathſome vapour, ouerſpread the earth,  
Vpon that ſad, natiuity of mine ?  
Or did the haggies, with all their helliſh power,  
Inchant, bewitch, or curſe that fatall houre ?

O had the Midwife, when ſhe firſt receiu'd me,  
With nimble hand, my vitall powers ſtopt,  
Or had my nurſe, of liuing breath bereau'd me,  
Theſe fields of ſorrow, I had neuer cropt :  
But both I ſummon, with impartiall eye,  
As Actors in, my wofull Tragedy.

Yet did I liue, full twenty ſommers long,  
In ſprings of ioy, one running ouer other,  
How then poore ſoules, could they enact my wrong ?  
No 'twas not they, it was my foſter mother :  
Fortune 'twas thee, that blyſſefull men doſt ſpight,  
Thou onely ſtoſt from me, my hearts delight.

Thou tot'ring elſe, with euer turning wheele,  
That firſt did ſet, mee ſoft vpon thy knee,  
And gau'ſt me all, thy bleſſings for to feele,  
What cauſ'd thee thus, vnkind to loue on me ?  
No 'twas not Fortune, ſhe was alwaies kinde  
Filling my faile, ſtill with a prosperous winde.

Could any wretch, be then ſ'infortunate,  
As I poore ſoule, whom Fortune ſcem'd to guide ?  
No, fortune no, it was thy cruell hate,  
The which for me, theſe ſorrowes didſt prouide :  
Thou art the wretch, thou art the beldame vile,  
Thou didſt my heauen, my heart, and hope exile.

For

*Dolarnys Primeroſe.*

For when my yeares, had furniſht forth my youth,  
And twenty times, the funne had chang'd his light,  
Thou moſt perfidious, wau'ring ſtill in trueth,  
My filly ſoule didſt croſſe, with cruel ſpight :  
And onely thou, by falſhood didſt deceiue mee,  
Of ioy and bliſſe, thou didſt at once bereaue mee.

Thy circled wheele, thou didſt to me forth bring,  
More richly deckt, then ere it was before,  
Thou ſetſt me gently, on that fickle ring,  
And gau'ſt me pleaſure in abundant ſtore :  
VVith many fauours, ſtill thou didſt belay mee,  
But with thy falſhood, ſtill thou didſt betray mee.

Thou drew'ſt mee on, with loues intifiſing bayte,  
To walke the pathes, where thou a net hadſt laid,  
VVith thouſand ſnares, thou didſt vpon mee waite,  
Vntil I was, of all my ioyes betrayd :  
To deſperate dangers, thou didſt eaſily wile mee,  
VVhilſt from my life, and loue thou didſt exile mee.

Then did this heauy, hermit ſeeming man,  
Stand mutely ſtill, but ſtill he ſeem'd to moane,  
His aged viſage, lookt both pale and wan,  
His ſadneſſe he, redoubled with a groane :  
He ſeem'd a while, vnto himſelfe to mutter,  
But yet no word, at al, I heard him vtter.

Vntill at length, him did I plainly ſee,  
A ſtately picture, in his hand to take,  
The which I geſt, a holy ſaint to be,  
For that ſo much, of it he ſeem'd to make :  
He kiſt it oft, and hugd it as he lay,  
And thus at length, to it began to ſay.

C

Faire



*Dolarnys Primerose.*

Fayre but vnkind, no kind : fie too too cruel,  
Thirtie long years, with mee I haue thee borne,  
Thrise ten yeares told, loues fire hath bene my fuel,  
So long my heart, thy fayre imprint hath worne :  
If *Neflors* yeares, thrise three times told I liue,  
My loue alone, to thee I freelie giue.

Tell mee my loue, tell mee, why did'st thou leaue mee ?  
Why to thy Loue, did'st thou proue so vnkind ?  
Pardon my deare, was death that did deccaue mee,  
Yet art thou toomb'd, for cuer in my mind :  
Then did he weepe, bewayling of his harmes,  
And with theſe words, he luld it in his armes.

O had theſe armes, thy liuing corps imbrac'd,  
But halfe ſo oft, as now they haue doone thee,  
Theſe paths of ſorrow, I had neuer trac'd,  
Nor died in thrall, but liu'd and died free :  
But ſith thou liuing, wert not in my power,  
Ile hugge thy ſhadowe, till my lateſt houre.

With which ſad words, his grou'ling corps did fall,  
With gaſtly colour, ſighs abound-Lamenting,  
Which forc'd mee rew, his ſad and woſull thrall,  
with ruſfull pittie, and with teares relenting :  
I mou'd to ayde him, yet as loth to feare him,  
I pauſ'd a while, before that I came neare him.

For that he then, began to moue his eyes,  
His earth-like hands, his heauie troncke did rayſe,  
His ſighs did vault, into the dimmed ſkyes,  
His tongue forgot not how his loue to prayſe :  
But fearing leaſt, his ſecrets ſhould be ſpied,  
From out his bower, full ſecretly he pried.

Then

*Dolarnys Primeroſe.*

Then with deepe ſighs, he did agayne repeate,  
The rare perfections, of his long dead loue,  
Her comly graces, and her geſture neat,  
The which did ſeeme the ſenſleſſe ſtones to moue :  
Which loue-ſick plaints, my tongu's too weake to tel,  
His penſiue paſſions, did ſo much excell.

Nor could a volume, copie his loues deſcriptions,  
That were diſlodged, from his wo-ſwolne heart,  
For he recited, with true loues affection,  
A thouſand times, each limme and lineall parte :  
All which by him, ſo oft pronounced were,  
That almoſt dul'd, my ſhallowe ſenſe to heare.

Yet did his ſweet, ſophiſtick ſorrows tie,  
My Leaden pow'rs, in chaynes of liſt'ning ſteele,  
With greedy ears, to ſucke attentiuely,  
His ſugred ſobs, the which I ſeem'd to feele :  
For each ſad ſtraine, that from his lipps did paſſe,  
Bewrayd the birth-right, of his gentle race.

Then did he take, a fair delicious lute,  
Whoſe well tun'd ſtrings, he touch'd with curious ſkill,  
Forcing his fingers, with a ſwift purſute,  
To ſtrike the frets, of muſicks ground at will :  
His nimble hand, guided by ſupple veynes,  
With heauenly pawſons, cloſ'd his doleful ſtreynes.

Not great *Apolloes* viol-founding laies,  
That forc'd huge *Tmolus*, daunce with buſkey haire,  
When ſilly *Midas*, rob'd him of his prayſe,  
Might with the deſcants, of his Lute compare :  
And with a tune, would moue a ſtone to pittie,  
He ſadly ſigh'd, and ſong this mournfull dittie.

C 2

The

*Dolarnys Primerose.*

## The Hermites song.

**Y**E hilles and dales,  
Ye rockes and vales,  
*Beare witnesse of my moane :*  
Ye water nimphes,  
And pritty Imphes,  
*Come sigh with mee and groane.*  
Come ye Satyres, and ye Fawnes,  
Come ye from the pleasant Lawnes :  
From the groues, and shady trees,  
On whose Green leaues, the humming bees,  
Their thyes do fill,  
At their owne will,  
And whereon still,  
*With flittring wings, poore Progne flects.*

Ye Fairy elues,  
Come ye your selues,  
*From out each hollow caue :*  
And Corridon,  
Come thou alone,  
*Thy presence I do craue :*  
For thy pipe comfortingly,  
Equalleth my harmony.  
Mournfull Amyntas, now and thee  
*Are best to beare me company :*  
For with consort,  
We may report,  
Our Loues extort,  
*With wofull straines of melody.*

Ye

*Dolarnys Primerose.*

*Ye Siluans all,  
Both great and small,  
come Listen to my greefe :  
Ye kids and Lambs,  
Come with your dams,  
And bring me some releefe :  
Thou maide of Comes, come to me,  
VVith aide in this my miserie,  
And lead me once Æneas-like,  
Vnto that vgly Stigian dike.*

*That I may mixe,  
And yet prefixe,  
Mine eye on Stix,  
Where Cerberus liueth, that fowle tyke,*

*If that wearie,  
Charons ferrie,  
VVill no wayes take mee in :  
Vndoubting harmes,  
VVith these mine armes,  
Ile venture for to swymme:  
For sometimes his coaleblacke boate,  
Rides not in that road afloate,  
If so, I will in no wise stay,  
Although vnto mine owne decay  
In vnfearing poar's,  
VVith arming oar's,  
From off the shoars,  
Ile quickely post from thence away.*

*For if that I,  
Should chance to die,  
And in that Lake to wander :  
Yet should I gayne,  
On[e] Lofty straine,*

C 3

*About*

*Dolarnys Primeroſe.*

*Above loue-drown'd Leander.*

*But if that well I ſhould paſſe,*

*Vgly Charons muddie place,*

*And happily to land me there,*

*VVithin that faire ceſtiall ſphere,*

*Then with ſmall payne,*

*I ſhould attaine,*

*Elizian plaine :*

*VVhere my loue fits crown'd in a chayre,*

FINIS.

When he had finiſh't, vp his mournfull ſong,  
He lai'd his lute, downe by his weary ſide,  
Himſelfe he ſtretcht, upon the graſſe along,  
And with ſad wayling, thus agayne he cry'd :  
How much avayles it, that my trauels farr,  
Hath not worne out, the print of Cupides ſkarr ?

What Chriſtian land, is it that hath not borne mee ?  
What Iland was, not ſubieſt to my ſight ?  
How many woods, and deferts ſtill do ſcorne mee ?  
But nothing yeelds, to mee my harts delight :  
From place to place, Deſire my corps doth carry,  
Which ſame deſire, there will not let me tary.

Then did he ſigh, then wept, then ſigh'd amayne,  
Then wrung his hands, then cried, then croſt his armes,  
Then tore his haire, then groan'd, then wept againe,  
Then with ſad teares, he thus bewayld his harmes :  
Padua farwell, my loue in thee doth lie,  
Within thy wals, I loſt my libertie.

And

---

*Dolarnys Primerose.*

And Albion now, to thee my native home,  
Where first I did receaue my vitall breath,  
After all paines, paine[d] to thee I come,  
Within thy bounds, to giue myselfe to death :  
For sith my loue, my loue hath me forsaken,  
My last farewell, of Padua I haue taken.

But when alasse, when shall my forrows end ?  
When shall I cease, of Padua for to cry ?  
When shall I see, sterne Atropos vnbend,  
My wofull threed, of sad calamitie ?  
When shall I leaue, in zealous cloake to stand,  
With loue-sicke cryes, to curse both sea and land ?

O let mee neuer cease with hideous cryes,  
With dolefull tunes, and horred exclamations,  
To send my'fighes, into the lofty skies,  
And pearce the Chaos, with my inuocations,  
Vntil these eies, that fed their rauin'd sight :  
Vpon Ægeffa, be depriu'd of light.

Thou fullen earth, with Anger fownding wo,  
Ye bleating fawnes, shaded with sheltring twigs,  
Ye murm'ring waters, that with teares oreflowe,  
Ye chirping birds, that chant the dauncing sprigs :  
Come all at once, your saddest descants bring,  
My fayre Ægeffaes, epitaphs to sing.

Dead is my loue, dead are my hopes and loyes,  
accursed Fates, that of my loue bereft mee,  
Curst be al hopes, let hopes be haplesse toyes,  
For loue, and Ioy, hope, hap, and all hath left mee :  
And I remaine, vncessantlie to cry,  
Still lyuing, still, ten thousand deaths to die.

O

*Dolarnys Primerose.*

O let mee curfe that day, the time and hower,  
When first I left, faire *Padua* and my loue,  
O let mee curfe, all gold and golden power,  
By whose fowle force, these vggly storms I proue :  
O let mee curfe, that time that I did gayne,  
The name of Knight, to liue in hermites payne.

But O my Loue, my Loue, and only Ioy,  
My fayre *Egeffa*, *Egeffa* Ile come to thee,  
More fayre then Helen, sacke of statelie Troye,  
Once more Ile come, to fewe, to court, to woo thee :  
Now I will come, to thine immortall shrine,  
Where thou dost liue, triumphant and diuine.

Then why do I, thus linger here and there,  
And seeke not out, the way t' *Auernus* caue ?  
Wretch that I am, how can I thus forbear,  
Pining for want, of that which I would haue ?  
I Glaucus-like, do trauell day and night,  
While she by Circe, is transformed quite.

Wherefore Ile go, like to that Thracian bold,  
With this my lute, my iourney will I take,  
Whose fretts and strings, Ile frame of glitring gold,  
Then Orphe-like, Ile crosse that muddie lake :  
And thou fayre Pallas, and ye muses nine,  
My hand and tongue, guide with your pow'rs diuine.

*Venus* I craue, a helping hand of thee,  
Safe to conduct mee, through the Lethean fenns,  
And thy ripe wit, lend me sweet *Mercury*,  
That I with ease, may passe that mierie Themmes :  
So that blacke Charon, with his swartie oares,  
May set mee safe, on Demogorgons shoar's

Where

*Delornys Primeroſe.*

Where Orphe-like, to Tenarus Ile go,  
Which vgly gate, doth open towards the North,  
There Cerberus fowle, doth make his triple ſhowe,  
There takes he in, but none he will put forth :  
Ye fates vnreele, my lou's fad deſtinie,  
Or I will ſeeke, her with Perſephone.

With that he cloſ'd, his hollowe wo-fwolne eyes,  
And ſtretcht his lims, along the ſenſeleſſe ground,  
His gaſtly viſage, pierſt the vaultie ſkyes,  
Sometimes his eyeballs, ſeem'd for to turne round :  
With tortur'd groan's, then would he ſadly gaspe,  
With emptie palms, then did he weaklie graspe.

Then did he lie, with quiu'ring legs and arms,  
Then groueling craules, then ſeeblie fall againe,  
Then as one ſtrucke with magick ſpelles and charmes,  
There would he ſeeme, quite breathleſſe to remaine :  
Thus did he lie, thus did he ſometimes welter,  
But then ſtone ſtill, the ſhadows did him ſhelter.

At which proſpect, I could no longer ſtand,  
But ſoone did runne, to helpe him in that caſe,  
And water cold, I brought within my hand,  
Wherewith I rubd, his pale and gaſtly face :  
I raiſed him vp, then ſet him downe againe,  
Then puld him here, then thruſt him thence amayne.

At length a ſigh, mixt with a greeuous groane,  
He ſent to tell, ſome life in him was left,  
The which did moue, my very heart to moane,  
For that ſo much, of ſenſe he was bereft :  
Yet laboring ſtill, I mou'd him here and there,  
Untill at leng[t]h, he aſked who it were.

D

That



*Dolarnys Primerofe.*

That so did wake him, from his quiet sleepe,  
Which was so much, vnto his hearts content :  
With that he wept, but seeming not to weepe,  
For feare that I, shou'd relish what it ment :  
    He wip'd his eyes, that were ore-flow'd with teares,  
    And seem'd to banish, all his former cares.

Then vnto mee, these speeches he adrest,  
How could you finde, my fillie Hermits bower ?  
You did not well, to wake mee from my rest,  
For in two dayes, I scarce doo sleepe one houre :  
    But that I am, a Hermit as you see,  
    With good cause, I might with you angrie be.

Alas (quoth I) good gentle father heare mee,  
And let not anger, harbour in your brest,  
Although you chide not, well your looks may feare mee,  
For ages frownes, may breed a youthes vnrest :  
    Then if you please, to heare what I shall say,  
    I will reueale, how I did chance this way.

And feeling you lai'd, as I you lying found,  
Seeming quite breathlesse, in my iudgments eye,  
With armes and legges, stretcht forth vpon the ground,  
Pitty did force, my harmlesse hand to trie :  
    As halfe amaz'd, the vn-aproued doubt,  
    If Natures taper, were quite wasted out.

For surely sir, if accident should call mee,  
Vnto a chance, such as this chance hath beene,  
I tell you plaine, what hap so ere befall mee,  
The like effect, in mee should sure be seene :  
    For why ? I durst haue paund my neighbours head,  
    Your body had, from out this world beene dead.

These

*Dolarnys Primerose.*

These words I vttered, something smilingly,  
With hum'rous gesture, and a pleasing vaine,  
Because I would not, haue him willingly,  
Thinke that I knew, aught of his wo and paine :  
And truth to tell, I could no better make them,  
Because that he, could no wayes better take them.

For then he calmelie, did desire of mee,  
To shew what pastimes, I did most imbrace,  
What country man, and what my name might be,  
And eke what chance, had brought mee to that place :  
This did he aske, with words so faire and coole,  
As he his time, had spent in Nurtures schoole.

I not denying, of his kinde request,  
With sad discourse, my name and country told,  
And some light toye, that harbored in my brest,  
I did not let, to him for to vnfold :  
But for the chance, that brought mee to that place,  
Thus did I glöse it, with a brazen face.

*Auroraes* spring, that ripes the golden mornes,  
No sooner pried, ore the mountaines tops,  
But that the Huntsmen, winded out their hornes,  
Calling the Dogs, into a grouie cops :  
I follow'd on : at length there did appeare,  
Rowf'd from the wood, a lustie fallow Deare.

The hounds purfu'd : the huntsmens ecchoing noife,  
Did feeme throughout, the shadie groues to ring :  
Vnskild of home, scarce with a huntsmans voice,  
I follow'd still, to see that nouell thing :  
'Twere foll'in me, *Therfites* like to vaunt it,  
But the huntsmen, and the hounds did chaunt it.

D 2

The

*Delornys Primeroſe.*

The greeued hart, with teares bewayles his caſe,  
The egar dogs, did lightly paſſe the grounds,  
A Paduan brach, was foremoſt in the chace,  
For ſhe did leade, the other crie of hounds :  
Which cauſ'd the hart, to ſcud with nimble heels,  
Ore hills and dales, ore craggie bracks and fields.

Then did he fall, into a heard of deere,  
Then to the ſoile, then to the heard againe,  
Then in the woodes, he faintlye did appeere,  
Then ore the mountaines, thence into a plaine :  
And all this while, the houndes had not a checke,  
But ſtill did ſeeme, to take him by the necke.

And formoſt ſtill, that faire Italian hounde,  
The which was thought, to be of Spartan kinde,  
Of all the reſt, ſhe ſeem'd to gather ground,  
For ſhe did run, as ſwift as any winde :  
Which cauſ'd the deere, in's necke to laie his hornes,  
And ſo to poſt, through brambles, briers and thornes.

The huntſmen glad, to ſee their ſport ſo good,  
Did winde their hornes, to courage vp their houndes,  
The ſillie deere, did haſten to the wood,  
The dogs full crye, did keepe a narrowe boundes :  
So that ſometimes, they ſeem'd his hanche to nipp,  
Which cauſ'd him feeble, from there gripes to flippe.

Ore buſhe and brier, the dogs did ſeeme to make him,  
Bounce, leape, and ſkippe, when he could ſcarſely go.  
I follow ſtill, but could not ouertake him,  
Yet did I croſſe, and meete him to and fro :  
Then in the groues, the houndes did ring apace,  
with yelping voyces, in that ſolemne chace,

Then

*Dolarnys Primerose.*

Then here, then there, the ecchoing wood refounded,  
Of those shrill notes, display'd with hornes and hounds,  
The noyse whereof, into the skies rebounded,  
Throughout the hills, and all the daly grounds :  
Which pastime rare, my tongue denyes to tell,  
The hunting musicke, did so much excell.

Then for to meete, the game a neerer way,  
I walkt along, a dale hard by a fountaine,  
Whereas a while, to drinke I there did stay,  
Then did I climbe, the top of yonder mountaine :  
Where I might view, at large the vally grounds,  
But could not heare, the huntsmen nor the hounds.

Then looking tow'rd, this little shady plaine,  
Like a yong huntsman, I began to call,  
Whereas me thought, one answered me againe,  
That seem'd my voyce, in his for to install :  
I something angry, came along the ground,  
But then I knew, it was an ecchoes found.

Thus hauing lost, the sport I came to see,  
And knowing not where, to seeke the same againe,  
My minde did with my weary legs agree,  
Homeward to go, thorough this couert plaine :  
Thus leauing off, the lusty red Deeres chafe,  
It was my chance, to finde you in this place.

Then howsoere, I pray you pardon mee,  
Were you asleepe, or were you in a fownd,  
Or in a traunce, as so you well might be,  
But surely dead, you seem'd when I you found :  
Chance is but chance, then for this chāce excuse me,  
Sith in my thoughts, I did no whit abuse ye.

D 3

Thus

*Delornys Primerose.*

Thus haue I told you, all you did demand,  
And more will tell you, if you do request it,  
Ther's nothing lieth, within my powerlesse hand,  
But age shall haue it, els I will detest it :  
Then aske and haue, ther's nought consists in mee,  
But you free owner, of the same shalbe.

Then did hee seeme, to cloake both wrath and loue,  
The heate of one, did quench the others fire,  
Where two extremes, in one doth seeme to moue,  
It qualifieth, the hotnesse of desire :  
For neither mou'd, with loue nor fretfull spleene,  
Clad in these words, his speech was neatly seene.

Your curtesies, excel farre my desert,  
My merits no way, can them counteruayle,  
But if my loue, or aught within my heart,  
Can equell them, I will in no wayes fayle :  
But what you haue, in kindenesse shew'd to mee,  
By mee shall no wayes, vnrequitted bee.

For looke what nurture, doth by nature owe,  
Vnto a stranger, you haue shewed to mee,  
Then if that I, a stranger should not showe,  
Such curteous deeds, as might with yours agree :  
Well might I gaine, my self a scandall crime,  
And shew miss-spent, the trauels of my time.

But sith that now, the sunne hath well neare past,  
His half daies course, climbing the loftie sphere,  
And that long trauell, in your lims hath plapt,  
Hungar and thirst, with hunting of the Deere :  
Let me intreate you, with these cates of mine,  
In this my bower, this once with mee to dine.

*Dolarnys Primerose.*

I gaue him thanks, and seem'd right well content :  
At which my words, the Hermit turn'd him round,  
Vnto his scrip, he then directly went,  
Taking a cloth, and spread it on the ground :  
    And as his cloth, and cates he neatly layed,  
    With smyling tearmes, these words to mee he sayd.

Sir, thinke not now, your selfe in towne or court,  
For to bee pamperd, with delicious fare,  
For here remaynes, no pompe nor stately port,  
But thinke you here, inuiron'd round with care :  
    Here vse we not, our bellies for to fill,  
    But feed at neede, sterne hunger for to kill.

With these hee went, to fetch some water in,  
While I stood musing, for to see his fare,  
For he had set, a skull for to begin,  
Which would haue moou'd, a prodigall to care :  
    And right against it, stood an houre glasse,  
    Where one might see, how swiftly time did passe.

Then did he set, an earthern pot of flowers,  
Whose colour cleare, was withered quite away,  
Then did he set, two other, whose faire powers,  
Seem'd to contayne, the pleasures of the day :  
    And then a booke, and then a little bell,  
    But what that ment, my senses could not tell.

No bit of meate, vpon the table stood,  
But some fewe rootes, the which alone did lie :  
Alas thought I, this is but simple food,  
Yet for this once, I will not him deny :  
    But I will sit, and thinke I haue good meate,  
    That I may see, how he these cates wil eate.

Then

*Dolarnys Primerose.*

Then with his pitcher, he came in againe,  
Fill'd with fayre water, from a fountain cleare,  
And purer farre, then silver drops of raine,  
That falleth in, the Aprill of the yeare :  
Then with these words, he tooke mee by the hand,  
You see your fare, now doo not musing stand.

But sit you downe, vpon these flowers by mee,  
Although course fare, to dinner you shall haue,  
Yet fit I pray. and beare mee companye,  
For nere good fare, was in a Heremits caue :  
Yet if that want, thereof your sence doth dull,  
Our table talke, shall surely fill you full.

Then sat I downe, vpon the carpet grasse,  
Where after thanks, to God for that our meate,  
He did begin, the dinner time to passe,  
With sad discourse, but not a bit did eate :  
For in his hand, he tooke the dead mans scul,  
The which did seeme, to fill his stomacke full.

He held it still, in his sinister hand,  
And turn'd it soft, and stroakt it with the other,  
He smil'd on it, and oft demurely faund,  
As it had beene, the head of his owne brother :  
Oft would h'haue spoke, but something bred delay,  
At length halfe weeping, these words did he say.

This barren scull, that here you do behold,  
Why might it not, haue beene an Emperours head ?  
Whose store-houfe rich, was heap'd with massy gold,  
If it were so, all that to him is dead :  
His Empire, crowne, his dignities and all,  
When death tooke him, all them from him did fall.

Why

*Dolarnys Primeroſe.*

Why might not this, an Empreſſe head haue beene,  
Although nowe bare, with earth and crooked age ?  
Perhaps it was, the head of ſome great Queene,  
Vertuous in youth, though now ſpoil'd with earths rage :  
Well if it were, ſo rich a treafure once,  
Now tis no more but ratling gaſtly bones.

Say that it were, the head of ſome great man,  
That wifely ſearcht, and pri'd out euery cauſe,  
And that inuented, eu'ry day to ſkanne,  
The deep diſtinctions, of all forts of laws :  
And ſometimes ſo, cut off his neighbours head,  
Why if it were, himſelfe is now but dead.

And might it not, a Lady ſometimes ioye,  
Thaue deckt, and trim'd, this now rainbeaten face,  
With many a trick, and new-found pleaſing toye ?  
Which if that now, ſhe did behold her caſe :  
Although on earth, ſhe were for to remaine,  
She would not paint, nor trimme it vp againe.

Why might not this, haue beene ſome lawiers pate,  
The which ſometimes, brib'd, brawl'd, and tooke a fee,  
And lawe exacted, to the higheſt rate ?  
Why might not this, be ſuch a one as he ?  
Your quirks, and quilletts, now fir where be they ?  
Now he is mute, and not a word can ſay.

Why might not this, haue garniſht forth ſome dame,  
Whoſe ſole delight, was in her dog and fanne,  
Her gloues, and maſke, to keepe her from the aime,  
Of *Phœbus* heate, her hands or face to tanne :  
Perhaps this might, in euery ſort agree,  
To be the head, of ſuch a one as ſhee.

E

Or



*THE FIRST PART OF THE TRAGEDIE*

Or say not thus, some filthy pander slave,  
That makes like us some such let and fell,  
Might not some other man in an honest game,  
After his death, some treasure for us dwell:  
And I come there long after he were dead,  
And purchase it in his filthy panders head.

Or say were thus, some three or four beggie slave,  
The which was it, but then a hawk was cur'd,  
And kept a house of wanton Texas game,  
Vntill such time her sinners all were cur'd:  
And there come one with *Salomon* spice well sped,  
May bye it that and this might be her head.

But O I come, I come the same away,  
And peate and take my wine quite out of doore,  
Say 'twere a King, Queene, Lord, or Lady gay,  
A Lawyer, Minion, Pander, or a whore:  
If it were noble, 'twere not for mee to creeke on,  
If it were base, it were too vile to speake on.

But what so ere it was, now tis but this,  
A dead mans skull, vnrped from his grave,  
Yet *doo* I make it, still my formost dish,  
For why? 'tis all the comfort that I haue:  
In that I may, when any dine with mee,  
Shew what they were, and eke what they shall bee.

Then on the cloath, he set it downe againe,  
And with a sigh, hart-deepe with halfe a groane,  
Which drew salt teares, from out his eyes amaine,  
Although he cloak'd them, with a prittie moane:  
Well sir quoth he, although your chear's not great,  
This is the fawse, you shall haue to your meate.

Which

*Dolarnys Primerose.*

Which I no nigard, with you not to spare,  
Although it be an ill digesting meate,  
Yet such it is, that we must knowe and heare,  
Though wee not that, yet that our liues will eate :  
    And who soere, within my bowre shall dine,  
    Shall tast this sawse, ere any cates of mine.

Then did hee giue mee of his rootie foode,  
And bad mee eate, and hee tooke of the same,  
Hee eate thereof, affirming it were good,  
But I to taste it, knew not how to frame :  
    And yet becaufe, that I was hunger-beaten,  
    I chaw'd a bit, and seem'd as though I had eaten.

Then did he take, his pitcher in his hand,  
And courteously, did proffer drinke to mee,  
I wil'd him drinke, and I at his commande,  
Nexste taster of, that same his drinke would bee :  
    Hee dronke thereof, and after so did I,  
    And sett the pott, vpon the ground vs by.

Then in his hand, he tooke the houre glasse,  
And these like words, to me he did bewraye :  
Behold faith he, how here the time doth passe,  
Tread you vpright, or go you quite a stray :  
    Here may you see, how swift your time doth runne,  
    And ceaseth not, vntill your life be done.

This glasse euen now, was full of slippery sand,  
This glasse euen now, was like the prime of youth,  
This glasse euen now, was fill'd with plentyes hand,  
Only in this, you may behold Times truth :  
    Here you may see, that time is alwayes sliding,  
    This is a mirrour, of fickle tim[e]s abiding.

E 2

See

*Dolarnys Primerose.*

See how it glides, see, see, how fast it runne,  
Say a good life, vpon this time did dwell,  
wer't not too soone, his houre should be come,  
If hee in vertue, others did excell :  
    No, were he *Moses, David* or *Salomon*,  
    His time thus come, his life must needs be gon.

Now 'tis full out, the lampe hath burn'd the oyle,  
This houres funne, within this glasse is set,  
Were this a man, he now were free'd from toyle,  
All earthly labors, now he would forget :  
    And as this sand, within this glasse lie still,  
    So should the earth, his breathlesse body hill.

Without more words, the glasse he did set downe,  
And tooke two potts, of flowers in his hands,  
Hee knit his browes, and seemed for to frowne,  
Yet of the vertues, thus at length he skans :  
    These with'red flowers, were as faire as these,  
    And these faire flowers, wilbe as foule as these.

This pot of flowers, that dead and with'red be,  
In prime of shew, but yesterday were growing,  
Their blasted lookes, thus faded as you see,  
Were yesterday, both pleasant fresh and flowing :  
    What wee are all, by these wee may deuine,  
    When death shall cut, our thred and fatall line.

And these faire flowers, that now so faire doo seeme,  
Whose powers were foster'd, with this mornings deaw,  
Their gaudy time, as I do iustly deeme,  
Is nigh halfe spent, as triall shall proue true :  
    For ere their lookes, the morrow light shall see,  
    Their pleasant hewe, full with'red off shalbe.

These

*Dolarnys Primeroſe.*

Theſe faded flowers, are like vnto the man,  
The which cold dead, vpon the ground doth lie,  
With gaſtly colour, viſage pale and wan,  
And many mourners, him attended by :  
His life thus gon, his body nothing craue,  
But to be hid, within an earthly graue.

The with'red flowers, then he did ſet downe,  
And tooke the flowers, equall to the other,  
Which when they were, each one by other ſhowne,  
Scarfe could I deeme, the on's hew from the other :  
But that the laſt, in's right hand he did hold,  
The firſt of them, his left hand did infold.

Then with ſad lookes, he ſigh't and thus beſpake,  
Behold theſe flowers, a paradox in yeares :  
With ſuch remorſe, theſe ſpeeches from him brake,  
That he did partly, ſmother them with teares :  
Behold (quoſh he) the man that liues in payne,  
And eke the man, that doth in ioye remayne.

Theſe flowers (quoſh he) his right hād flowers meaning,  
Doth repreſent, the life, of happie men,  
The which with vertue, in their bounds conteining,  
Do leade their liues, that none may looke agen :  
Whoſe humane courſe, no man hath euer ſeene,  
To be corrupt, with fretful ire or ſpleene.

Theſe flowers are like, the man who from his youth,  
Hath led his life, in pathes of vpright wayes,  
Th'are like to him, that ſtrayth not from the truth,  
But liues in goodneſſe, all his youthfull dayes :  
Th'are like to him, whoſe yeares doo not decay,  
But liueth young, vntill his lateſt day.

E 3

Theſe

*De la Ruy's Primeroſe.*

Theſe flow'rs (quoth he) were cropt two days ago,  
But yet doo keepe their perfect colour ſtill,  
The water is the cauſe why they doe ſo,  
For why? brim-full this ſmall pot I did fill:  
    So looke where vertues fill'd with ſweet content,  
    There life or colour will not ſoone be ſpent.

Yet euen as beauty, from theſe pretty flowers,  
Though moiſtly kept, at length wil quite conſume,  
So ſhall that man, who hath with all his powers,  
Decked him ſelfe, in vertues ſweet perfume:  
    For though he feeds long on moiſt vertues breath,  
    Yet at the length, he yeelds himſelfe to death.

Then did he looke, vpon his left hand flowers,  
Alaſſe (quoth he,) me thinks I ſee you fade,  
The drouth of wo, conſumeth all your powers,  
Yare burnt with heat, though always kept in ſhade:  
    For euen as care, like fire conſumes a man,  
    So drouth in ſhade, your beauteous colours tanne.

Theſe flow'rs are like, the willfull prodigall,  
That vnthrift-like, ſpendeth his youthfull dayes,  
Mounting vp ſtill, euen ſodenly to fall,  
By in directing, of his willfull wayes:  
    His riotous life, his toyes and lauith tongue,  
    Makes him looke old, when that he is but young,

Th'are like to him, that wantons it abroad,  
With midnight reuills, kept in *Procurers* court,  
Sparing no coſt, but lai'th on golden load,  
And in a brothell, keeps [his] Lordly port;  
    But when his purſe, and vaynes are all drawn drye,  
    Though he's but young, he lookes as he would die.  
Th'are

*Dolarnys Primerose.*

Th'are not vnlike, a vertuous nurtur'd child,  
The which did flowrish, in his tender yeares,  
But got the reines, grows headstrong proud and wilde,  
Till all his graine, is turn'd to frutlesse tares :  
Then full of care, he leaues his foolish ioy,  
And looks like age, when he is but a boie.

Good fir (quoth he,) thus haue I to you showne,  
The vertu's of, these seuerall sorts of dishes,  
My glasse and flowers, you the tast haue knowne,  
Although not fill'd, with flesh nor dayntie fishes :  
And with those words, he did set downe the flowers,  
Feeding againe, for to reuiue his powers.

Not past two bits, the filly man did eate,  
When in his hand, he tooke the booke and bell,  
And thus of them, began for to intreat,  
Whilst dropping teares, from his sad eies befel :  
This booke (quoth he) a mans shape seems to haue,  
And this the bell, that cals him to his graue.

This Little booke, presents the life of man,  
Wherein is wrap'd, the substance of his foule,  
Which be it fresh, or be it pale or wan,  
T' must separate, when as this bell doth toule :  
How vertuous, bad, or pure soere it be,  
When death doth call, foule must from body flee.

Within this booke, doth spring the well of life,  
Which fountaine cleare, giues drinke to al that craues it,  
Heare li'th the sword, that ends all Kindes of strife,  
Deny'd to none, but all that seeks it haue it :  
And they that vse, this sword, or water cleare,  
This bells alarum, need not for to feare.

Within

*Dolarnys Primeroje.*

Within this booke, good men renew their fight,  
When as they bathe, their liquid veines therein :  
To heare this bell, it doth their foules delight,  
They feare not death, they force him not a pin :  
For when sterne death, thinkes most their foules t'anoy,  
This is their shield, they thinke him but a toy.

This booke (quoth he) should Vfurers behold,  
And foule vsurpers, of their neighbours land,  
That robs the poore, and heapes vp hoordes of gold,  
To note it well, they would amazed stand :  
And from those lands, and bagges of money fall,  
For feare this Bell, to *Limbo* should them call.

If drunkards, gluttons, or lasciuious men,  
Would deeply diue, into this small bookes lines,  
Their owne black leaues, they would turne ore agen,  
And soone bewaile, their monster-like spent times :  
Arming themfelues, with this, the scourge of hell,  
Least they should feare, the tolling of the Bell.

Or if that they, who swell with haughty pride,  
Within this booke, should make their looking-glasse,  
Or if false theeues, should here their shares diuide,  
And view it well, before they hence did passe :  
Pride and *Celeno*, they would both go pray,  
For feare this Bell, to hell should them conuay.

But if a good, and vertuous liuing man,  
Should chance to prie, within this little booke,  
He neede not feare, for he already can,  
The calmie lines with faire digesture brooke :  
If death him call, he doth him straight defie,  
Only he knowes, from this world he must dye.

This

*Dolarnys Primeroſe.*

This Bell preſents, the Crier of a Court,  
The which in time, doth call both good and bad :  
Each man thereto, muſt duly make reſort,  
For when he calles, an answer muſt be had :  
    And when pale death, ſhall ſhut vp all our powers,  
    The dolefull bell, doth ſtrike our lateſt houres.

With which ſad words, he ſet them on the cloath,  
Now ſir (quoth he) y'haue taſted all my fare,  
The which to ſhew, to ſome I would be loath,  
But ſpeake I pray, how doo yee like this cheere :  
    Well : but mee thinkes, 'tis ill digeſting food,  
    No ſir quoth he, 'tis pleaſant ſweet and good.

For if a Prince, ſhould chance to come this way,  
And in mine Arbour, ſit as now you doo,  
Theſe cates and cheere, to him I would forth lay,  
And pray him looke, and taſte vpon it too :  
    And would not let, his pardon ſor to craue,  
    To tell him this, doth repreſent his graue.

Or if a Queene, with all her courtly traine,  
Of ſtates and peeres, of Lords and Ladies gay,  
Should come within, this little ſhadie plaine,  
And in the Cell of poore *Maluchus* ſtay :  
    What ſhould detaine, my tongue it might not tell,  
    They muſt not aye, in earthly pleaſures dwell ?

Let all the Lawyers, lodg'd within new *Troy*,  
And all the dames, that mincing minions are,  
The pandar ſlaues, and ſtrumpets, ſeeming coye,  
Come here to mee, and none of them Ile ſpare :  
    But tell them all, and that with ſmall offence,  
    Their time will come, and that they muſt pack hence.

F

If



*Dolarnys Primerose.*

If mistresse *Maudlin*, with her golden locks,  
Whose lemman knowes, his well-grift-forked browes,  
Or mistresse *Maukin*, who fate twife i'th stocks,  
Should vndermine, these Hermit-shading bowes :  
I would not let, their person thus to greete,  
Amend, your end, is but a winding sheete.

Let them that spend, the flower of their time,  
The *Vrns* wanton, and the prodigall,  
Who doo not take, the sunne while it doth shine,  
But let it passe, and thinke not of their fall :  
Let them come here, but once and dine with mee,  
And here Ile tell them, what their end shall bee.

Let those that hoard vp gold and siluer store,  
And neuer thinkes, to part from it againe,  
But sterue poore Orphans, at their wretched dore,  
And fillic foules, for want thereof are slaine :  
Let them looke here, here shall they plainly see,  
At their last houre, what their best end shall bee.

Let pride, and theft, and glutton-drunkennesse,  
And all the tribe, of malignant demerites,  
With all their vices folly and excesse,  
Requre to this my little shade to sit.  
And as to this time as you haue done with mee,  
Then shall they know, what their best end shall be.

Yet in good he. here be it from your heart  
That you should take a day sometime heron  
Be to my worth, and others receive a part  
And think you welcome to this humble Inn  
No need I feare, to say that you shall find  
Some pleasure in my company and game

Fin

*Dolarnys Primeroſe.*

But now I ſee, an houre is fully ſpent,  
Since we ſat downe, within this homely place,  
Wherefore if you, be therewithall content,  
Weele end our dinner, with a thankfull grace :  
Which being done, if that you pleaſe to ſtay,  
We will diſcourſe, to ſpend this Summers day.

I was content, the dutie was effected,  
The borde was drawne, and all was laid aſide,  
Each on his feate, in ſhadow ſweet elected,  
And then the Hermit, thus his ſpeech did' guide :  
Good ſir (quoth he) now doo I call to minde,  
The *Paduan* brach, that was of *Spartan* kinde.

I pray you tell mee, doo you know her maister,  
I aske, not that a Huntsman I would be,  
But that I heard you ſay ſhe did runne faſter,  
Then all the hounds, in that wood founding crye :  
Faine would I know, him that in *Padua* ought her,  
And eke the man, that into *Albion* brought her.

I bluſht to heare him name the dogge againe,  
That I had nam'd, but neither ſeene, nor found,  
For why ? the hunting was a morall plaine,  
Himſelfe the Hart, his loue the *Paduan* hound :  
Yet that I might proteſt my ſelfe from ſhame,  
Thus vnto him, an anſwer I did frame.

Sir, that faire brach, a curteous Knight doth keepe,  
Who in his armes, will hugge the tatling elfe,  
And in his boſome, ſuffers her to creepe,  
So that the Ape, growes curſt, and bites himſelfe :  
And wer't not that I ſhould be thought to glory,  
Of them I could diſcourſe a pretty ſtorie.

F 2

No

### *The first Discourse*

No in quest he of that one made to tell  
That first discourse none e from day  
I cannot think that any want such dwell  
Within that rock where virtue seems to lie:  
Nor will I bidde you to taste the paine  
Unless by lot you see the place againe

For that from *Paradise* I did once returne  
And with those eyes I lately did behold  
A sight the which did make me yet to mourne  
The which my tongue did neuer yet unfold:  
Wherefore by lot we may discourse right well  
Which of vs two the first discourse shall tell

The lot was cast the *Hermite* was the charge  
He must prepare to tell the first discourse  
When I did thinke that I should heere at large  
His loose-lipp pathos, sighd with remembrance:  
But he as one that would in dispute  
Began his *Amazing* storie to declare



### The Hermites Discourse.

WHere grilly cares, floweth vntamed tides,  
Within the Ocean of a penfive breft,  
There sorrowes ship, still at an anchor rides,  
Beaten with waues, of boiling thoughts vnrest:  
Whole stormes of sighes, against that ship is sent,  
Vntill her heart-worne tacklings all are rent.

For

*Dolarnys Primerose.*

For when my hart, began to harbour grieve,  
And that my thoughts, had entertayned wo,  
In deserts wilde, I fought to finde releefe,  
And path-les paths, my vncouth steps did know :  
    Vntill at length, I did behold and see,  
    Each fenfeleffe creature, boystrous stormes did flee.

The stormes did force the Lyon leaue his pray,  
The wily Fox, to hasten to his hoale,  
The stormes did force, the Wolfe to houle and bray,  
The hinde to steale, to couert with her soale,  
    The stormes did force, th'Antilop for to hide her,  
    In shelters safe, conducted by the *Tiger*.

The vgly Beare, vnto her whelps did runne,  
The bristled Bore, retired from his food,  
The bounfing Doa, vnto the brakes did come,  
The fearefull hare, did hasten to the wood :  
    And all the beasts, that natures art did mould,  
    Some harbour fought, to keepe them from the cold.

Then did I likewise, to my Chamber go,  
Whose walls were painted, with oreflowing teares,  
Mixt with the colour, of distresse and wo,  
Drawne out with knots, of hopelesse grieve and feares :  
    My bed of sorrowe, I had lately bought,  
    My sheets with fighes, most sumptoufly were wrought.

My bolster, fill'd, with sad lamenting groanes,  
My pyllowe, all imbrodred ore with care,  
My blanckets, framed full of wayling moanes,  
My couering, imbossed with dispaire :  
    Thus was my Chamber, deckt on euery side,  
    With wo and grieve, wherein I did abide.

F 3

Where

*THE LAMENT OF A SINNER*

When I was young my heart was full of mirth,  
When smiling morn'g rays began to light my hill,  
Then morn'g my eyes were open'd, and I saw  
That all was dark, and all was full of ill.  
Then I my self, my self was left alone,  
None but a stone the centre of my moane.

For I then had promises they would not fail,  
That they would be true to my last hours' call.  
When with the light that I did once behold,  
I saw those great hills of glory were not sold:  
For now they were as if my life were ending,  
Content my mind, and if my life were pining.

For thousand lights I saw in all the air,  
When from the air I look'd them up againe,  
A thousand times I did repeat my care,  
When still my care did with my life remaine:  
I sigh'd, I wept, and weeping hands did wring,  
And sometimes long my woes with lamenting.

But after that I had my life lamented,  
With bitter groanes wherein I daybe fed,  
So that the rugged breacheles stones lamented,  
I wrapt my selfe in that care-crow'd bed:  
Where thus my thoughts did meditate on griefe,  
Not knowing how, nor where to finde reliefe.

The malecontent, is wayted on with wo,  
The Louers life, is care ore-guilt with ioyes,  
The penitent, his breift with fobs doth flowe,  
Shedding out teares, his pensive foule auoydes:  
Sighes at a beck, to each of them do fall,  
Sorrow doth sit, attending on them all.

The

*Dolarnys Primerose.*

The malecontent, he neyther eates nor sleeps,  
But meditates, vpon he knowes not what,  
His daring eies, vpon the earth still peepes,  
But what he seekes, his senses quite forgot :  
His fullen thoughts, doth feede on bitter gall,  
Most is his mirth, where greatest is his thrall.

Farre more hee labours, in his troubled minde,  
Then all the Plough-men, in a thousand feelds,  
His haruest reapt, when seasons are most kinde,  
Lesse is his gaine, then least of all their yeelds :  
Hee thinkes his state, is happier then many,  
Yet loues, nor hates, nor feares, nor cares for any.

His life he loues, as men loues sommers snowe,  
For life and death, are both to him all one,  
A life to death, he's sure that he doth owe,  
Hee death imbraceth, ere that his life is gone : (him)  
With this his vayne, hee thinkes the Gods haue blest  
And in this vaine, he go'th a while to rest him.

The Louer sad, I moane with kinde remorse,  
For why ? I knowe no surgeon can him cure,  
His vnfeene wounds, are of so strange a force,  
That liuing long, no wight can them indure :  
He's frizing hotte, and liuing alwayes dead,  
Dispayring hopes, and loosing thinkes him sped,

He's well yet sicke, and knowes not wher's his grieve,  
He's burning cold, he hath and yet he skants,  
He's seeking still, though neuer findes releefe,  
His heart seemes pleas'd, yet that he wist he wants,  
Twixt two extremes, his ship is alwayes fayling,  
He thinkes him sped, when all his baits are fayling.

Hee

*Dolarnys Primeroſe.*

Hee mourning fings, hee ſmiles in ſorrow fad,  
Hee dying liues, and liues by alwaies dying,  
Hee nought inioyes, yet with his nothing glad,  
Hee ſtill purſewes, where hee ſees nothing flying :  
    His reſtleſſe pangs, would make a world to wonder,  
    Yet drowſie ſleep, doth force him to a ſlumber.

The penitent, that doth in anguiſh payne,  
Hee ſinking, ſwims in gulſes of deepe diſpaire,  
In ſhade he ſitts, his ſunne doth ſeldome ſhine,  
His drinke is wo, his meate is clogged care :  
    Hee hopes, he feares, and thus in hoping ioyes,  
    Hope makes him glad, but fearing him annoyes.

To vncouth places, he doth alwayes hant,  
His penſiue conſcience, wills him there to wander,  
His tort'red body, ſeemes to feele more want,  
Then for his *Hero*, did loue-drown'd *Leander* :  
    No deſert darke, nor pleaſant lawne long holds him,  
    But weary ſtill, his iuie armes infolds him.

He ſighing peeps, from earth vnto the ſkies,  
Then wofull lookes, from ſkie to earth againe,  
From earth he came, in heauen his comfort lies,  
Thus on he walkes, twixt mutuall ioy and paine :  
    In darkſom night, nor yet in pleaſing day,  
    His life nere ſtands, at one contented ſtaye.

Well do I know, the teares and bitter moane,  
The penitent, doth vtter with his wayling,  
For in that grieve, I feele my ſelfe as one,  
That haue a ſhip, within that Ocean ſayling :  
    And hope at length, with others that haue ſtore,  
    To bring my ſhip, vnto a happy ſhore.

Thus

*Dolarnys Primeroſe.*

Thus did I lie, with ſundry meditations,  
Thus were my thoughts, with diuers changes led,  
Which muſings were, my chiefeſt conſolations,  
Till drowſie ſleepe, was hanging in my head :  
Which then began, my ſenſes to ſurpriſe,  
Binding the deawie cloſures of mine eies.

But ſlumber ſoft, no ſooner had incloſ'd,  
The watry windows, of my wofull eies,  
When as mee thought, a champion bold oppoſ'd,  
My ſleeping ſenſes, with ſad miſeries :  
Whoſe warlike lims, in iron rough were girt,  
The which deſcry'd, the courage of his heart.

His burgonet, his vaunbrace and his ſheeld,  
Were framed all, of fire tempered ſteele,  
With golden ſtarres, amid a fable feeld,  
Whoſe maſſie ſubſtance, I did ſeeme to feele :  
Fixt was his beauer, voy'd of plumie fanne,  
Or quainte deuife, vpon his helme to ſtande.

At which dread fight, my ſenſes were amazed,  
Though drowſie winkes, did rock them ſtill aſleepe,  
Mine eies did ſeeme to wake, and waking gazed,  
Yet heauie ſlumbers, cloſly did them keepe :  
But then his voice, that ſeem'd my heart to ſhake,  
Vnbound his tongue, which then theſe words beſpake.

Awake, awake, ye winged wits of *Rome*,  
Your flying fancies, wrapt in fiery ayre,  
Sing *Iulius* worth, *Agricola* intoombe,  
Your ſpirits high, cloſed in manſions faire,  
Too long haue ſlept, in Loues delicious awe,  
Forgetting ſtill, your kind *Agricola*.

G

But



*Dolarnys Primeroſe.*

But where am I? or where doe I declare,  
My wofull name, with prostrate invocations?  
What ſhall my ſorows, pearce an Albions eare?  
And fright poore Padua with my exclamations?  
No: let me firſt, from faire Elizea fal,  
And choake the deep't infernall with my thrall.

O no: let Rome, let Rome ſucke vp mine anguiſh,  
Let Rome, the mother of my infants yeares,  
Swell with my ſighs, in which my ſoule ſtill languiſh,  
Let Rome, diſolue her ſelfe with dolefull teares:  
Let Roman Poets, ſing great Iulius name,  
With blazing trophees, of eternall fame.

But they are gone, from Romes terreſtiall verges,  
whoſe muſe admir'd, were crown'd with quiu'ring baies,  
O they are dead, that ſhould haue ſong my derges,  
With dolefull langours, and diſtreſſfull layes:  
He liu's in bliſſe, that ſung the warres of Troye,  
Dead is the ſwayn, that told of Phillis ioye.

Yet doth he liue, eternized with glory,  
That ſweetly ſung renownmed Scipioes warres,  
He liues that told Æmillaes laſting ſtory,  
Mixt with Anthonius and Octavius iarres:  
A thouſand more, doo liue, whoſe fames doe ring,  
Yet none of dead Agricola will ſing.

Wherefore ſith I, of force am ſummon'd here,  
The ſtorie of my wofull dayes to tell,  
And Rome denies, to lend her liſtning eare,  
Attend Maluchus, and with ſorrows ſwell,  
That Albion faire, may wayle my tragedy,  
Which ſleeping, waking, thou ſhalt heare of mee.

When

*Dolarnys Primerose.*

When great Vespasian, wore the diadem,  
Of Romes large Empire, and with conquering hand,  
Had wonne the wals, of faire Ierusalem,  
Whose stately towers, were at his command :  
    Thē Romes sweet aire, my youngling daies did nuroish,  
    Her nectar pappes, my infancie did cherish.

Where, whilst my years, were tender, soft and young,  
In learnings cradle, I was lai'd to sleepe,  
My carefull tutor, ore mee sweetly sung,  
And I some straines, of his did note and keepe :  
    Esteeming them, so highly in my power,  
    That I did hug them, till my latest houre.

Then did I frame, my tongue to courtly charmes,  
And how to tread, the distance of a dance,  
And then I practis'd, how to manage armes,  
To tosse a pike, and how to weeld a lance :  
    Then with found rackets, close within a wall,  
    I nimble learn'd, to tosse a tennis ball.

To hunt a deere, I sometime tooke delight,  
And sometime see, the lightfote hare to play,  
And sometime with an egar fawlcens flight,  
I would consume, the weary longsome day :  
    A foamng steed, then would I learne to pace,  
    And swallow-swift, runne him a double race.

Then in a ring, I would him gently trot,  
A full carriere, then did I learne to make,  
Then to curuet, then for to gallop hot,  
Then stop him quick, that he new breath might take :  
    Then on his crest, my flattrring palme would slide,  
    The more to cheere, his hot couragious pride.

G 2

At

*Dolarnys Primerose.*

At Tilt and Tourney, then did I learne to ride,  
With clattring shokes, to breake a sturdy launce,  
After the combate, then with portly pride,  
My foaming courser, would himselfe aduance :  
    Whose sumptuous cariage, did so much excell,  
    That in each Tourney, I did beare the bell.

For so I manag'd that couragious beast,  
That he would vault, leape, coruet, plunge, and prance,  
With startling furie, fold his doubled crest,  
With loftie capers, stowpe, stop, and lightly daunce :  
    With fierie rage, strike, stare, and trample proudly,  
    Beating the stones, stamping and neighing loudly.

Each ten dayes once, *Olympus* feast we held,  
Meeting in tilt, with compleat armour bright,  
So that I knew, right well my speare to weld,  
And how t'incounter, with the hardiest Knight :  
    And sometime hit, with counterbuffe so found,  
    That he lay weltring on the fullen ground.

Whilst the spectators voices high did laud mee,  
With hou'ring hattes, and loud tumultuous cries,  
The trumpet shrill, did seeme for to applaud mee,  
Pearcing the highest Zenith of the skies,  
    Where might be heard, vnpartiall voyces fay,  
    Young *Iulius* wonne, the honour of the day.

Then was I brought, to liue in stately Court,  
Wheras I fed, of daintiest painted lookes,  
For gallant dames, there dayly did resort,  
To haue their faces, read in steed of bookes,  
    And soone I learned, with an am'rous tongue,  
    To read the lines, that were their bookes among.

Fortun

*Dolarnys Primerose.*

Fortune did so aduance my blooming dayes,  
That in the court, I gain'd a courtly place,  
And happy he, that most my name could raise,  
I fate so high, in great *Vespasians* grace :  
Each one vnlearned, thought their learned skill,  
If not imploy'd, my fantasie to fill.

*Agricola*, was bruted through the land,  
No tongue did moue, but spake of *Iulius* name,  
Each Martialist, that did controule a band,  
Mutely admir'd, to heare of *Iulius* fame :  
For sweet discourse, reuels, and chiuallrie,  
Who was renown'd ? *Agricola* euen I.

Walkt I in Court, there Lamprils eyes descried mee,  
If in the towne, the Cittizens would know mee,  
If mountaines bare mee, shepheard swaines espied mee,  
In countrie townes, each vnto each would shew mee :  
And all would bend, with curtesies to mee,  
Whilst I to them, would giue like curtesie.

What should I say ? but that I should not say ?  
All honour still, in Court attended on mee,  
I still in great *Vespasians* bosome lay,  
So gratioufly, did fortune smile vpon mee :  
And as I grew, each day to riper yeeres,  
Each day renowne, did place me with great peeres.

But then *Bellona*, with her hot alarm's,  
Did summon mee, vnto the dint of warre,  
Where I with troupes, of worthy men at armes,  
Refuse no toile, to meete that bloudie iarre :  
Although great *Neptunes* boyling empire lay,  
Betweene our land, and that rich golden bay.

G 3

But

*Dolarnys Primerose.*

But straight we rigg'd, our huge sea rending ships,  
Whose spreading sailes, with gentle *Eurus* aide,  
In *Thetis* fields, through glassie billows slips,  
No crosse of *Fortune*, once our Nauie staide :  
    Vntill wee came, at that gold-shining towne,  
    That was the spring, of *Iulius* renowne.

Where vnawares, we thrust with speed to land,  
And orderly, our valiant forces placed,  
With squadrons faire, vpon that forreine strand,  
With glitt'ring armour, all the plaines defaced :  
    But then our foes, like champions stoute and bold,  
    Came with their power, for to defend their hold.

With hot Brauado's, and vndaunted spirits,  
They marcht along, from out their Cittie gates,  
Ambitious all, aduancement sought by merits,  
Committing life, and land, to froward fates :  
    Nor wee, nor they, no parle seem'd to craue,  
    Combat, and battaile, each one desir'd to haue.

For raging furie, brooketh no delay,  
Armie beards armie, in the bloody field,  
Their trampling Gennets, fierie breathings neigh,  
Their launces brauely, their strong courfers wield :  
    Ensignes displai'd, lowd drums and trumpets sound,  
    Whose threatning terror, from the cloudes rebound.

Now warlike *Mars*, some of thy valour fend mee,  
Tip my weake tongue, with gads of tempered steele,  
Or thou braue *Pallas*, some of thy power lend me,  
That I may seeme, to make the hearers feelee :  
    What buffets, blowes, lim-parting-stroakes and scars,  
    Are by ster

uen in thy bloody iars.

My

*Dolarnys Primerose.*

My tongue's too feeble, to discipher out,  
The raging furie, acted in martiall traines,  
Yet will I shew, the prowesse of this route,  
Which thus incounter'd, on the Southerne plaines :  
    The valiant horsemen, first with swift cariers,  
    In fundrie splinters, shiuerd their piercing speares.

Then to their Carbins, then vnto handy blowes,  
Then violent shots, like to the Oceans rage,  
With pell-mell-shocks, out of each armie goes,  
Each man to win, his courage did ingage :  
    And stormes of Bullets, like to winters haile,  
    Out of each Squadron, did their foes assaile.

Then armours clatter'd, swords gaue blow for blow,  
A hand, a hand, a foote, a foote did craue,  
Life, life desir'd, bloud vpon bloud did flow,  
Each Curtleax dig'd himselfe a goarie graue :  
    There did *Bellona*, like a lion teare,  
    Rough irefull gallants, on her tossing speare.

The radiant skie, was darkned with the smoake,  
That issued from the pattering Musket shot,  
Which slumbring fume, our souldiers seem'd to choake,  
The day and battaile, were so moultring hot :  
    The thundering Canons, plaied on either side,  
    Whose dreadfull furie, legions did diuide.

And as the waues, driuen with outrageous stormes,  
Beateth the rampiers of vnmoouing rockes,  
So did our Captaines, labour with hot alarmes,  
Them to repulse, with shiu'ring launces shockes :  
    Here lies some dead, there other freshly bleeds,  
    Trampling vpon them, with vnruely steeds.

Abound

*Edinburgh, 1706*

Abounding terror mingled in the field,  
Death found equal at his owne invention,  
Eadie belied her selfe in figures feined,  
Raine and Earth reuel'd with Diluention :  
Raging Renenge, spord in sanguin blood,  
That rain'd earth, ore-dryed beeking flood.

Harsh-dying tunes, fighting and greenous groan's,  
Wide gaping wounds, forced lamenting cries,  
Heart-gearing shafts, burning of legges and boones,  
Life gulking teares, forced from bloody eyes :  
Men kill'd, wak'd, as dreadful warre desired,  
Living and dying, while Parcas breath retired.

Yet was the battayle, in a ballance found,  
Till I vndaunted, cheer'd each feeble wing,  
Which doone our valiant forces gather'd ground,  
Then courage, followe, all the feeld did ring :  
Then did our foes, feare, faynt, and flattly flie,  
Whilst wee as victors, victorie did cry.

Then did our soldiers, tryple valour take,  
The small caliuers, then did discharge apace,  
The pykes and halberts, liuing lims did shake,  
With feares pursute, the targueters did chace :  
The horse-men swiftly, did their launces bend,  
The cannons swiftly, did their bullets send.

Then in our plumes, Fortune did seeme to play,  
For that our foes, lay weltring in their blood,  
Yeelding to vs, the honor of the daie,  
The faire greene feeld, all fanguined ouer stood :  
Here lie stout champions, pearst with deadly launces,  
There laye braue Captains, leading fatall daunces.

*Dolarnys Primeroſe.*

Here fell a body, there tumbles off a head,  
Here laye one maym'd, there laye one ſlaine out-right,  
Here lay a ſouldier, groueling ſcarfly dead,  
There lay a leader, here laye a warlike knight :  
    There a coronel, here a Gallant ſlayne,  
    Thus were they ſcatter'd, ore the purple plaine.

And thus at length, we forc'd them to retire,  
Cloſing themſelues, within their Cittie walls,  
Which wee inuiorn'd round with ſword and fire,  
Pelting their frontiers, with hot poud'red balles :  
    Whence wee might heare, clamorous ſhrikes & cries,  
    Nipped with waylings, in the troubled ſkies.

Then wee began, their towring walles to ſcale,  
Taking the time, by his rough hairie top,  
While fickle Fortune, flylie brew'd their bale,  
That we the flowre of their delight might crop :  
    Short tale to make, valour and high renowne,  
    Our conqu'ring powres, plac'd in that warlike towne.

Whence many fled, to ſaue their wretched liues,  
Many did humbly kneele to kiſſe our feete,  
Virgins, and maides, infants and trembling wiues,  
With proſtrate teares, did all our forces greete :  
    Where I proclaimed, with a trompet meeke,  
    That all ſhould liue, that then their liues did ſeeke.

Who much did muſe, to ſee ſo milde a fo,  
Thinking themſelues, conquered not at all,  
Their ſad applauſes, gaue vs leaue to knowe,  
The ioye they tooke, in that their riſing fall :  
    And where before, w'had onely woon the towne,  
    Then of their hearts, we ſeem'd to weare the crowne.

H

For



*THE FIRST FUGITIVE.*

For they did bring almost with free consent,  
Their wealth to lay into our hands to give,  
Their gold and jewels that they did present,  
Their love of goods they seemed not to grieve :  
For why? they knew that we to them before,  
Had got a treasure worth all the wide worlds store.

Two days we laid within that Citie faire,  
Trimming still in riches and gains,  
With precious fumes and perles beyond compare,  
We did enrich our warlike troupes and traines :  
Our dancing ships doubled their swelling prides,  
Such wealthy freight filled their bended sides.

Whole lute moulds we rig'd and trim'd anew,  
With marks of silver, that they did adorne them,  
The old attire ambitiously they threw,  
Amidst the docks as they had never worn them :  
Our yards were all of lute, white as milke,  
Our tacklings fram'd, of purest twisted filke.

Our maine-sailes all of glasse Sattin faire,  
Our top-sailes were, most sumptuous to behold,  
Our spread top-gallants trembling in the ayre,  
Were framed all of glittering cloth of gold :  
Our dallying ensignes, wau'ring in the skie,  
Were all imboist, with rich imbrodery.

While that our ships, thus in the port were trimming,  
I cal'd our troupes, into their Senate hall,  
Whereas I made, no drosse nor pure skimming,  
But with content, I did content them all :  
None parted with a discontented heart,  
For why? I gaue each man his full desert.

All

*Dolarnys Primerose.*

All which compleat, a pleasant gale of winde,  
Did gentlie whisper, ore our Nauies Poope,  
As though t'had knowne, w'had finisht vp our minde,  
So sweet a breath, made our top gallant stoope :  
Which caufed vs, least that the winde should fail's,  
Our Anchors weigh, and hoist our filken failes.

Then of the towne, our last farewell we tooke,  
With thundring noife, that seem'd t'affright the ayre,  
Whilst Ladies from the shoares on vs did looke,  
With wo-swolne eyes, that we had left them there :  
They shooke their hands, and shed teares for our sake,  
In hope for them, our ships we would turne back.

Their sighes they sent, ouer the billowes rough,  
Brought to our ships, with *Zephyrus* gentle hiffes,  
And when they saw, we knew it well inough,  
With balmie breath, they blew to vs their kisses :  
Their gloues they tooke, and in the water fling them,  
Hoping the tide, vnto our ships would bring them.

But *Eolus* which our friend did still remaine,  
Hasted our ships, from off that forreine coast,  
Fearing least that we should turne backe againe,  
And so our paines, were altogether lost :  
For why ? he knew, their *Syren*-tempting-songs,  
Might well pretend, vnto our further wrongs.

Wherefore no leaue, he gaue vs to dispenfe,  
But liuely gales, he whiffed in our shrowdes,  
So that he soone conuei'd our Nauie thence,  
Rowling amidst, the all vntamed flouds :  
And by the power, of his great swaying hand,  
W'are driuen from ken, of that delightfull land.

H 2

Then

*Dolarnys Primeroſe.*

Then were we toſſ'd, in *Neptunes* tenniſſ-court,  
Whereas the waues, did rackets ſeeme to take,  
To beate and bandy, was their onely ſport,  
Vntill a ſet game, they agreed to make :  
Yet like young boyes, they did dallying play,  
Which toſſe new bales, for that they are ſo gaye.

For our faire ſhips, ſwelled the ſeas with pride,  
When they began, to daunce in *Tethis* lap,  
But hauing reynes, within her verge to ride,  
The ſurges ſeem'd their boyſtrous hands to clap :  
*Triton* did ſound, in moſt harmonious wiſe,  
Whileſt *Neptune* gazed, on our welthy priſe.

Who ſeem'd to call, *Apollo* from his chaire,  
Nephew (faith he) knowe you this portly fleete,  
Which ſeemes to come from out the Phrigian aire,  
Where wee with ſtore and treaſure once did meete,  
The firme foundation, of faire *Troye* to laye :  
The which had flouriſht, till this preſent day,

Had theſe [been] Grecians, which as I ſuppoſe,  
Faſly betray'd, that vnremouing towne,  
Since which time they, themſelues right wel might loſe,  
In watry deſerts, vnder my ſpacious crowne :  
But if I knew, that theſe were ſurely they,  
I would ore-whelme them, in the briniſh ſea.

At whoſe ſterne words, *Apollo* ſeem'd to ſpeake :  
No gentle Nephew, mittigate your ire,  
Theſe are our friends, the which no peace will breake,  
Theſe men haue beene, to fetch Promethean fire :  
Theſe men are they, that traueſſe for our good,  
Who are deſcended, from the *Troian* blood.

Then

*Dolarnys Primerose.*

Then vse them gently, as our chiefeft friends,  
And through your kingdomes fafelie them conduct,  
See all the gulfes, that you to them doo cleanse,  
So that their fleetè, to *Scilla* be not fuct :  
For if their land, they safely doo attaine,  
They shall haue fame, but we shall haue the gaine.

Then *Neptune* seem'd to calme his rugged brow,  
Commanding *Triton*, all his pow'rs to call,  
(While that our Theams, the frothie brine did plow)  
He held a parle, in his spatious hall :  
All stormie windes, he chaft from out his land,  
Onely faire *Zephyr*, at his beck did stand.

Who sent fresh gales, as we on billowes faild,  
*Neptune* himfelfe, did waite vpon our fleetè,  
And when the wind, feared displeasure, quaild,  
Then would he helpe vs, with a tide most sweet :  
And when proud *Zephyr*, roughly seem'd to blow,  
He would command him, he should be more flow.

Thus did the great commander of the Sea,  
Conduct our Nauie, through his empire wide,  
Vntill at length, vpon a calmie day,  
Our natiue land, we ioyfully espide :  
Whose louely bankes, seemed with fuger'd charmes,  
To call our fleetè, into her folding armes.

Then did wee hasten to those happie shores,  
Mounted vpon the wings of swift desire,  
Our failes did serue, for labouring armes and oares,  
To gaine the port, to which we did aspire :  
And *Eolus*, no breath did vs denie,  
But cauf'd our ships, like *Pegasus* to flie.

H 3

Vntill

*Dolarnys Primeroſe.*

Vntill we came, neare to the long wiſht ſtrand,  
On whole faire bankes, a thouſand did attend,  
To welcom vs, vnto that happy Land,  
For of their ioyes, there ſeem'd to be no end :  
With muſick loude, with drums & trompets ſound,  
They drewe our ſhippes, vnto that pleaſant ground.

Each ſouldier weake, the which the waues did check,  
And halfe dead fill'd the body of each ſhip,  
Did then reuiue, and walke vpon their decke.  
Clapping their hands, and ſeem'd for joy to ſkip :  
In that great *Neptune*, lead vs all that while,  
And fet vs ſafe, vpon our natiue Ile.

Who then did ſeeme, with all his frothie traine,  
On *Dolphins* backes, to mount their watry lims,  
And ſmyling *Thetis*, left vs on the plaine.  
And with that Monarch, thence together ſwims :  
Commanding *Triton*, for to ſound a call,  
To hold a counſell, in *Charibdies* hall.

While we did leaue, our huge ſea-cutting fleete,  
Landing our troupes, Olimpikly on ſhoare,  
Whereas whole legions, kindly did vs meete,  
Wee being arm'd, with gold and ſiluer ſtore :  
For ioye whereof, the hilles and dales did ſound,  
The rockes and riuers, did with noyſe rebound.

Our well fraught nauie, then began to ſet,  
Their thundring muſick, to report their treasure,  
And with high ſtraines, their instruments to ſet,  
With harts delight, which we did daunce with pleaſure :  
Which roaring conſent, a recording plies,  
That their thundring, named the criſtall ſcies.

There

*Dolarnys Primeroſe.*

There were we brought, to that ſea-beaten towne,  
Inuiorned, with warlike harmony,  
And all their voyces, ſeem'd at once to crowne  
*Agricola*, with fame and chiuallrie :  
The rattling muſick, quauerd amids the throng,  
Th'hot caliuers, warbled the vnderfong.

Whil't I, in ſted of pattrring bullets threwe,  
Siluer and gold, to pearce my country men,  
To which hot ſkyrmish, there ſo many drewe,  
That I would pawſe, and then begin agen :  
Till night drewe on, thus did I guild their ſtreets,  
With gaine of warre, ſiluer and forrein ſweets.

But *Phlegon*, *Pyrus*, *Æous* and *Æthon* proud,  
Amids the ayre, haſtned with fiery wings,  
To beare *Apollo*, toward the Ocean floud,  
And as a preſent, him to *Iber* brings :  
Where he with banquets, reuell'd out the night,  
Vntill *Aurora*, brought the morning light.

When night was come, wee tooke our quiet reſt,  
Sleeping ſecure, voyd of ſuſpect or wrong,  
Such harmeleſſe thoughts, harbored in each breaſt,  
That wee were faſt, vntill the *Leuerucke* ſong :  
Who in the aire, with chirpings ſeem'd to ſay,  
Awake, behold, ſee the delightſome day.

For *Menmons* mother, then to world had brought,  
So faire a ſhewe, of crimſon ſpeckled light,  
All ſpangled ore, as if with Rubies wrought,  
The which did baniſh, black *Cimmerian* night :  
And glittering *Phœbus*, then began to riſe,  
Gracing the earth, from out the azure ſkies.

Thus

*Dolarnys Primeroſe.*

Thus hauing ſafely, taken ſweet repoſe,  
And that Apollo, to the liſts was come,  
From out our ſheets, with ſpeed wee then aroſe,  
Leauing the port, with ſound of trumpe and drumme :  
And then we tooke our iourney toward the court,  
Whereas our wel-come, was in princely fort.

For all the peers flocking about mee came,  
With ſeeming gladnes of my ſafe returne,  
Applauding ſtill my then too happy name,  
As though with Ioy, their inward hearts did burne :  
Then great Veſpatian, to accompt did call mee,  
To know what chance, in Mars ſchole did befall mee.

Where I diſcourſt, how I had ſpent my time,  
How I tooke ſhip, and how I paſt the flouds,  
How I did land, vnder that forreine clyme,  
And how with force, our enemies withſtood's : (downe  
How with great paine, their troupes wee did beate  
And how at length, wee woon that mayden towne.

How many fled, to ſaue their loathed liues,  
How many at our weapons points did fall,  
How I did pittie, infants, maydes and wiues,  
And how I gaue, mercy vnto them all :  
How they themſelues, their iewells to vs brought,  
And how with ſtore, our luſtie ſhippes wee fraught.

Short tale to make, I nothing did delay,  
But told him all, how that we went and came,  
Euen from the firſt, vntill that preſent day,  
Till he himſelfe, did giue me triple fame :  
And honors high, vpon my head he ſet,  
But ſome repin'd, at thoſe my titles great.

But

*Dolarnys Primerose.*

But then he tooke mee by this iron hand,  
Iulius (quoth he) mount, mount in wars desire,  
For now Ile send thee with a puissant band,  
Where like a prince, thou shalt by fame aspire :  
    To be inrold, within a warlike storie,  
    With trophies of eternal prayse and glorie.

I'le make thee Gen'ral of as great a traine,  
As ere was copt vnder the boundlesse skie,  
Who as they march, shal hide each hill and playne,  
And drinke at once, the foaming Ocean drye :  
    No shipps shall neede, to waft them ore the sea,  
    For they shal land it, in one fommers daye.

Not Xerxes armie, shal with them compare,  
So many legions vnder thee shall go,  
The fight whereof, shall make thy aduerse feare,  
When thou dost come, t'encounter with thy fo :  
    Ile raine downe gold, still for thy souldiers pay,  
    Then gentle Iulius, stay not, hast away.

This promise vrg'd mee, once againe to go,  
To trie my fortune, in Bellonaes schoole,  
Soone was prepar'd, a gallant glittering show,  
Whereas did want, no kinde of warlike toole :  
    There were they plac'd, each man in his degree,  
    And I proclaim'd, their Generall to be.

Then trumpets shrill, founded aloud for ioye,  
And thundring drums, filled the aire with noyse,  
The soldiars all, each man and sturdy boye,  
Houer'd their hearts, with an applawfing voyce :  
    Taking our leaue, then did we march along,  
    Arriuing safe, in (great) *Brittanie* strong.

I

In



*Dolarnys Primeroſe.*

In which faire foile, the Brittain bold did raine,  
Th'vndaunted Scotſh men, and the Scithians wild,  
The Corniſh crew, and Calidonian traine,  
The naked Silures, and the Piſtians vilde :  
Who all at once, prouided ſkil-leſſe powers,  
To driue our forces, from their mean built towers.

For men like Satir's, clad in ruſtike tire,  
Halfe weapon-leſſe, with braying cries and cals,  
To meet our daring army did aſpire,  
Praying vpon vs, like fierce Cannibals :  
There might be heard, the hideous lumbring ſwaſher,  
Vnequally conſorting with the claſher.

There might be heard, the hollowe wind bag'd droan's,  
With direfull roaring : and the puffing piper,  
There might be heard, harſh tunes with clattring bones,  
The loud ſhrill drummer, and the iarring fiſer  
Which muſicks diſcord, ſeem'd a conſort right,  
To courage vp, our foes vnmanag'd might.

Whoſe habits mean, did harbor haulty hardneſſe, (leſſe  
Their ſtomacks ſtout, though ſkil-leſſe made them feare-  
Their prowefſe doubtleſſe bred their own vntow'rdneſſe  
Their deſperate vêtur's, ſhew'd their hearts were peerleſſe :  
Their valors ſwordleſſe, made them ſtill regardleſſe,  
Their blows were harmleſſe, & their bodies wardleſſe.

Their weapons were of, Ibeame, witch, and thorne,  
Some had a ſkeane, and ſome a dart and durke,  
Some fewe had bows, and arows pil'd with horne,  
And priuie poynards, in ſome ſleues did lurke :  
Some hādle targes, ſome pikes with points new burned,  
Some ſtil throwe ſtones, & ſome poore chariots turned.  
Some

*Dolarnys Primerose.*

Some weelded spears, and sheelds of Elme full tough,  
Some hare brayn'd roysters rid on garish steeds,  
Some two hand swords, did vse of iron rough,  
Whose aukward powers, acted most worthie deeds :  
For why ? they thought, a man was neuer dead.  
Till by some meanes, they had cut off his head.

Yet day by day, on bogges and brays wee met,  
One while they vs, then straight wee them would chafe,  
They vpon vs, we vpon them would set,  
Such was the rest, wee tooke within that place :  
Thus did we feed vpon the bread of warre,  
Painting our lines, with many bloody skar.

Full thrife three years, in Brittain I remayned,  
From whence my fame, to stately Roome did flie,  
But then Vespasian, was by death detained,  
And mightie Titus, in that time did die :  
Then grew my woes, then did my sorows spring,  
Then, then did bloome, my fatall ruining.

For then Domitian, tirant-like did swaie,  
The royall mace, and diadem of Rome,  
Who vndefcried, plottes did flily lay,  
To bring poore Iulius, to his finall doome :  
And wrest my life, from mee by fowle deceit,  
For that my name, did dayly growe so great.

All meanes he fought, t'augment my worth and fame,  
When rusty enuie, gnaw'd his cankered heart,  
His cunning lipps, did seeme to rayse my name,  
But still he fought, my death with flight and art :  
Euen so Vlisses, flattered in the court,  
While lucklesse Ajax, toyld with warlike port.

I 2

Yet

*Dolarnys Primeroſe.*

Yet I was worſe, then *Telamons* poore ſonne,  
For hee was preſent, with his wily ſo,  
He knewe his flights, long ere the ſpight was doone,  
But *Julius* I, did neither ſee nor knowe :  
His cauſeleſſe enuy, I did neuer taſte,  
How he chac'd mee, as I the *Brittains* chac'd.

He mee purſu'd, and I my foraine foes,  
His ſtroakes were flight, but I rough payement gaue,  
He fought with wiles, I fought with rugged blowes,  
He fought my wracke, I fought his life to ſaue :  
He wrought my hane, I wrought, to raife his fame,  
He wooon the priſe, I loſt the ſet and game.

But all ſo fitted, to my ſeeming good,  
That no miſdeeming, in my heart did reſt,  
Although he dayly thirſted for my bloud,  
No ſuch opinion, lodged in my breſt :  
For then from *Brittain*, he did fend for mee,  
And I of *Syria*, ſhould Lieutenant be.

His ingling letters, had ſuch lofty ſtraines,  
That I was all enchanted with his charmes,  
I muſt to *Rome*, and leave my wonted traines,  
To cope with greater dignities at armes :  
Whence I took my leave and laſt adieu,  
Of all my traynes great *Syria* to ſee.

But when I came unto the *Roman* Court,  
What ſcenes were ſcene, did ring throughout the world,  
How they did ſeeke about me to ſport,  
By ſuch ſuccours of my hand were hurt.  
And I ſaw I as many tongues about me,  
The king was ſent unto the ſtation.

And

*Dolarnys Primeroſe.*

And thrife accuſt, by deſtiny and fate,  
Was then proclaym'd, a traytor for to be,  
Againſt the Prince, the Counfell and the ſtate,  
The which did not, with my deſerts agree :  
Yet did *Vliſſes, Palamede* ſo hate,  
That with ſmooth words, he did cut off his pate.

Alas, alas, the time doth ſwiftly runne,  
For nowe I heare nights trumpeters ſhrill noyſes,  
Who haſtens mee, my ſtory to haue done :  
O ſtay a while, and Ile obey your voyces !  
For being cloſd, within that trowing wall,  
I heard no talke, but of my death and fall.

And on a day, before *Aurora* ſprong,  
To tell the world, that *Phebus* faire was comming,  
I was inuited, with a mourning tongue,  
Vnto a feaſt, prouided with great cunning :  
Where I ſhould feed, on ſuch delicious cates,  
As was prepar'd, for me and ſuch like ſtates.

I could not chooſe, but needes I muſt conſent,  
To go and ſee, that ſweete and dainty fare,  
Although I knewe, that feaſt with full intent,  
Was ſo ordayn'd, to end my worldly care :  
Yet I as willing as their hearts could wiſh,  
Did viewe, and that, is banquets chiefeſt diſh.

And when I came, vnto that ſpacious hall,  
There did I ſee, my diet and my cheare,  
My Caruer then, vnto mee I did call,  
Saying theſe words, carue, friend, and do not feare :  
Then did he cut, and I did eate ſuch ſtore,  
That after then, I neuer did eate more.

I 3

Then

*Dolarnys Primerose.*

Then this memoriall, of my endlesse soule,  
Which had beene lockt within my body long,  
Was registred, in a celestiall rowle,  
And plac'd in ioye, whilst Angels sweetly sung :  
Where troupes diuine, eternally shall raigne,  
Keeping their Court, vpon *Elizian* plaine.

But worldling know, to thee I doo not come,  
To tell thee how, I liued in my life,  
Nor for to tell, this story all and some,  
Which was my end, my death, and fatall strife :  
A thousand heads, more of my state hath knowne,  
Then in this storie, I to thee haue showne.

It were a pride, for me to tell thee this,  
Or tell thee how, I dwell in Paradise,  
No, no, I come, to lead thee vnto blisse,  
Then heare my words, note them, and be precise :  
First honour God, then with a louing heart,  
Honour thy Prince, for so it is thy part.

Defraude no man, hurt not the innocent,  
Hate pride, liue chaste, back-bite not with thy tongue,  
Sweare not in vaine, to vengeance be not bent,  
Murther no man, nor doo no poore man wrong :  
Beare no false witnesse, hoord no gold in store,  
While Orphanes weake, starue at thy cursed dore.

The Saboth keepe, honour thy parents deare,  
Steale no mans wealth, thy enemies forgiue,  
Shunne sloth as sinne, and drunkenneesse forbear,  
Glutte not[*t*] thy selfe, still pouertie releue :  
Fauour thy friend, loue thy true seruant well,  
This done, thy fame, for euer shall excell

And

*Dolarnys Primeroſe.*

And if that long, thou doſt deſire to liue,  
Beware of ſuch, as brought mee to my end,  
For they are men, that cunning words will giue,  
Although thy fo, they will profeſſe thy friends :  
And will not let, to ſweare, and forſweare too,  
Thy welth to gaine, though it doth thee vndoo.

But ſtay : mee thinkes I ſee the Eurian lights,  
Budding like Roſes, in the mornings browes,  
The drowſie vapours, takes their fable flyghts,  
And bright *Aurora*, doth her ſelfe vnhouſe :  
The glow-worme dim, feares the'approaching ſun,  
Wherefore farewell, for I to ſpeake haue done.

Thus did he leaue, and thus the *Hermit* left,  
with tears diſtilling, and with ſighs abounding,  
His ſilent muteneſſe, ſhew'd his Ioyes bereft,  
Yet night did force me, leaue him plaints refounding :  
And thus I reſt, his ſtory to deſcrye,  
For that black night, hath now incloſd the ſkie.

Yet when *Apollo*, ſhall rechaſe againe,  
The *Vesper* vailes, the earth hath clouded ouer,  
If that your ſteps, doo guide you to this plaine,  
The accident, to you I will diſcouer :  
Vntill which time, your ſelfe I do commend,  
To be preferu'd, by Alls all guiding friend.

The radiant torch, long ſince had burning left,  
And *Cinthia* pale, keeping a wanton vaine,  
Trimmed her ſelfe, like to a louer deſte,  
Casting her glimpſes, towar'd faire *Latmos* plaine :  
Which louely obieſt, cauſ'd her dazling eyes,  
With triple brightneſſe, to enrich the ſkies.

Wherefore

*Dolarnys Primeroſe.*

Wherefore I left, the louely aged man,  
Taking my leaue, my bed I made my bliſſe,  
But in the morne, I did returne againe,  
Whereas I heard, the *Hermits* life and his,  
Which now my pen, growne dull denies t'indite,  
Taking freſh breath, in freſher lines to write.

FINIS.



## NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

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### I. DAIPHANTUS, ETC.

Title-page. See Introduction on *Daiphantus*, &c.

Epistle-dedictory. See the same on this; p. 3, l. 6, '*Randeuow*' = rendez-vous, focus; l. 11, '*Royall as the Exchange*' = the Royal Exchange; l. 17, '*Acadia*,' &c. — see Introduction; l. 20, '*Friendly Shake-speares*,' &c., *ibid.*; l. 22, '*Prince Hamlet*,' &c., *ibid.*

Page 4, l. 2, '*Lords Ingle*' = sitter by the fireside of a lord, a familiar, or intimate: see Nares, *s.v.*; l. 4, '*Tabacco*' — see Introduction; l. 24, '*Fixion*' — odd spelling of 'fiction'; l. 25, '*Alfo if he haue caught up half a Line of others*,' &c. — see Introduction; l. 28, '*his*' = is, with the unlucky 'h' prefixed. Has it been noted that this is the only word in which, in Scotland, the 'h' is introduced *à la Cockney*? See examples from the Scotch novels of George Macdonald in our Introduction; l. 30, '*the Authour is dead*,' &c. — see Introduction.

„ 5, The Argument, l. 7, '*wordish*' = wordy in its transition-form; l. 24, '*crepence*' — doubtless a misprint for 'credence.'

„ 6, l. 2, '*imparadized*' — see Introduction.

„ 7, The Proem, l. 18 — on the (,) = quotation-mark, see Introduction; ll. 19–20 — *ibid.*; l. 22 '*Caske*' = casket.

„ 9, The Poem, l. 2, '*Daiphantus*,' printed *Da phantus*, but probably accidental — see Introduction on *Daiphantus*; ll. 5–6, the single comma (,) seems to differ from the double (,,) — see Introduction as before; l. 7, '*feature*' = person — see *ibid.*; l. 15, '*Paffant*' — Heraldic phrase = going along or marching, and therefore immediately leaving it behind.

„ 10, l. 4, '*tickle*' = insecure, unstable — see Nares, *s.v.*; l. 9, '*Debonayre*' = courteous, mild, affable, gentle — Cotgrave; l. 11, '*Pheare*' = mate or equal; l. 16, '*by*' = in comparison to or with them; l. 20, '*continent*' = container.

„ 11, l. 3, '*bezaunce*' = obeysance? l. 4, '*And if*' = An if, *i.e.*, '*Like*' Venus eyes, if any thing can be like them or is worthy to her, compared with them; l. 12, '*obscures*' = dazzles; l. 21, '*Or, a faire Jewell*,' &c. — see Introduction on this Shakespearean reminiscence; ll. 23–24 — see Introduction.

„ 12, l. 7, '*feature*' — see on p. 9, l. 7; l. 10 = where wit [striues] and beautie striues, &c.; *ibid.*, '*appeale*' = judgment [in her favour].



- See l. 5 and l. 1 of next stanza; l. 12, 'Whether' = which of?  
 l. 14, 'Whether' = comparative, which of the two; l. 22, 'others' = other's, *i.e.*, other is.
- Page 13, l. 11, 'Faires'—see Introduction; l. 23, 'with wit' = by wisdom.  
 „ 14, l. 5, 'bandy' = toss about as in Tennis. So in Harsnet's *Popish Impostures* (1603, p. 153), "making them tennis bals, for their deuils to *bandy* on their stage"; l. 10, 'Verses fits' = collective plural; l. 16, 'too too'—see Introduction.  
 „ 15, l. 9, 'render'—see Introduction on this Shakespearean word.  
 „ 17, l. 8, 'Dutch colour' = rubicund or red; l. 19, 'Starre' = morning star, Venus.  
 „ 18, l. 13, 'flower' = floor—to rhyme with 'shower'; l. 18, 'glide'—see Introduction.  
 „ 19, l. 23, 'quite' = quit, requited.  
 „ 20, l. 18, 'Feature'—see on p. 9, l. 7; l. 23, 'departed' = parted.  
 „ 21, l. 10, 'without' = beyond.  
 „ 22, l. 16—the sign ‡ along with the quotation „ seems to indicate that the source of this couplet was intended to be marked in margin. See Introduction; l. 17, 'of' = off, or qu. 'oft'? l. 20, 'Palmer.' "The difference between a pilgrim and a palmer was this. The pilgrim had some home or dwelling-place, but the palmer had none. The pilgrim travelled to some certain designed place or places; but the palmer to all. The pilgrim went at his own charges; but the palmer professed wilful poverty, and went upon alms." Staveley's *Romish Horseleach*, p. 93, quoted by Dr. Johnson, *s.v.*  
 „ 25, l. 5, 'woes yet tells' = collective plural, as before; l. 16, 'There' = their; l. 18, 'impald' = empaled, in sense of made pale, *m.g.*; l. 19, 'still' = ever; ll. 19–24—see Introduction on this echo of Breton.  
 „ 26, l. 14, 'Art and Nature strove'—see Introduction.  
 „ 27, l. 4, 'dull' = sad, despondent; l. 5, 'for' = misprint for 'far'? l. 10, 'aga'st' = aghast, terrified = so that his heart became faint; l. 19, 'Standish' = inkstand; l. 24, 'Nector'—misprint for 'Nectar,' as 'for' for 'far' above.  
 „ 28, l. 17, 'ingendred'—misprinted 'ingrendred'; l. 19, 'runs' = [that] runs.  
 „ 29, l. 9, 'Harbinger' = forerunner. So Bishop Hall was the 'Harbinger' to Donne's well-known poem; l. 19, 'Oh . . . heart gore'—see Introduction for this Shakespeare reminiscence; l. 20, 'continent'—see on p. 10, l. 20.  
 „ 31, l. 9, 'feature'—see on p. 9, l. 7.  
 „ 33, l. 6, 'They three,' &c. = but equal her; l. 16, 'fickens'—misprinted 'sicknes'; l. 21, 'dreames that makes' = collective plural, as before. Or the verb singular through the influence of *that*, as was common then.

- Page 34, l. 1, '*wonders*' = wondrous; l. 2, '*I*' = aye; l. 15, '*left*' = least; l. 18 = by the three she (one) is even'd or matcht.
- „ 35, l. 4, '*Vitullias*'—misprinted '*Vitullius*'; l. 17, '*it*' = itself; ll. 7–24 onward to p. 37, l. 24—see Introduction on this portraiture of the Lover's lunacy, in relation to Hamlet and Tasso.
- „ 36, l. 2, '*siege of Brest*'—see Introduction; l. 3, '*heare*' = hair—see *ibid.*, l. 6 = each lip [doth] the other wipe; l. 12, '*than*' = then; l. 24, '*harrow*' = tear to pieces, destroy.
- „ 39, l. 2, '*Mappe of sorrow*'—see Introduction for this Shakespearean phrase; l. 10, '*To see him mad*'—see Introduction on this and 'revenge' in connection with pp. 35–37, *ut supra*. See also p. 40, ll. 1–18, p. 42, ll. 13–14, and p. 44, ll. 9–10; l. 15, '*apayd*' = appeased, satisfied; l. 21, '*discord makes*' = makes discord.
- „ 40, l. 2, '*parted*' = departed.
- „ 41, l. 6, '*prick-song*'—music written down. Here = sung as written and well thought on music.
- „ 42, l. 9, '*amounts*' = rises.
- „ 43, l. 3, '*tell*' = number; l. 21, '*dight*' = dispose.
- „ 45, l. 14, '*here*' = hear; l. 23, '*not hidden*' = is not placed.
- „ 46, l. 11, '*pore blind*' = purblind.
- The Pasfonate mans Pilgrimage, &c.—See Introduction on this.
- Page 50, l. 24, '*Angells but no fers*'—play on 'angel' the coin and 'angels' the celestial creatures.
- „ 51, last line = [of] which before I writ.

## II. DOLARNY'S PRIMEROSE.

- Title-page—see our Introduction on this and its mottoes; l. 6, '*alluding*' = allusive.
- Epistle-dedicatory, p. 55, '*Esme Stewart, Lord of Aubigny*,' &c. He was second son of Esme Stewart, first duke of Lennox, by Catherine, youngest daughter of William de Balsac, Seigneur d'Entragnes and Marcoussis, Governor of Havre de Grace, and was created 7 June 1619, Baron Stuart of Leighton Bromswold, and earl of March. He succeeded his elder brother as third duke of Lennox, but enjoyed the title less than six months, dying of the spotted fever, at Kirby, in the county of Northampton, 30 July in the same year [1624]. See *Chester's Marriage, Baptismal, and Burial Registers of the Collegiate Church or Abbey of St. Peter's, Westminster* (1876), pp. 115, 123 *et alibi*; also my *Memoirs of George Herbert, passim*; l. 6, '*Raynolds*'—see Introduction; l. 7, '*renowned*' = renowned—contemporary and later spelling; l. 23, '*plausible censures*' = applausive judgment; l. 28, '*unpolished lines*'—a phrase of the day which even Shakespeare adopted; p. 56, l. 5, '*Parrhasius*'—the

- allusion is to Parrhasius' competition with Zeuxis, though the 'counterfeit' was a linen sheet painted, not 'lawne'; l. 6, 'Tymanthes' = Timanthes, who painted a small picture of a sleeping Cyclops and showed his size by making some satyrs measure his thumb with a thyrsis; l. 9, 'applaudit' = a plaudit, applause; l. 16, 'Damidas Parret'—query, Apuleius?
- Page 57, l. 4, 'ingert' = ingirt; l. 10, 'nourisheth'—Is this an example of the Northern verbal plural in 'th'? or was it caused by influence of 'crest' followed by 'whose'? See p. 64, l. 17; l. 12, 'deaws'—verb, as frequently. The sense is, 'waters with dew to [in order to] view,' &c. I have deleted comma after 'deaws' of the original—a frequent and irritating mispunctuation of this author or printer. See Introduction; l. 15, 'thoughts' [of him] that longs, &c.
- „ 58, l. 8, 'deeme'—I have deleted semi-colon (;) after 'deeme' of the original.
- „ 59, l. 16, 'Abraham Sauere Gentleman'—see Introduction.
- „ 61, l. 10, 'Inchaunting' = in chaunting, or simply chaunting = charming; l. 19, 'ranck' = pranck, or query—range? l. 22, 'daly' = adjective of 'dale.' So p. 81, l. 4.
- „ 62, l. 3—for rythm read [that] wanton, &c., *ibid*, 'yeelds'—due to the preceding accusative? l. 21, 'labells' = fillets (heraldic); l. 23, 'There' = their; l. 29, 'reflexing' = reflecting—so 'fixion' for 'fiction' in 'Daiphantus,' p. 4, l. 24.
- „ 63, l. 8, 'regreeting' = return-greeting: *ib.* = [in short] Whereat in no long time; l. 17, 'ti'd'—verse requires 'tied'; l. 26, 'sad-nesse' = seriousness; l. 28, 'peruse' = observe, survey.
- „ 64, l. 6, 'wonder' = wonder at or make wonder of; l. 10, 'beare'—I have again deleted semi-colon (;) after 'beare' of the original; l. 17, 'shadeth'—another example (see p. 57, l. 10) of 'th' as in Shakespeare, being sometimes a Northern plural; l. 20, 'off' = of; l. 21, 'greffes' = steps—'a greese or stair' (Holyoke's Rider, *s.v.*)—I have deleted comma (,) after 'lofty'; l. 29, 'Pastoraes'—apparently from 'Pastora' = shepherdess, with an English plural.
- „ 65, l. 2 = 'where pritty birds were skipping frō branch to bough'; l. 5, 'woare' = wore; l. 9, 'why'—I have inserted '?' after 'why'; l. 29, 'plays'—another instance (eheu!) of wrong number, *r.g.*; last l., 'delayes' = short for 'roundelayes.'
- „ 66, l. 4, 'staying running' = 'staying' [from] running. I have deleted (,) after 'staying'; l. 6, 'noyse'—probably here used in sense of 'concert' as in 'a noise of fiddlers'; l. 18, 'yong Tellus'—because the place was 'green'; l. 22, 'cloyed' = filled or sated. See Richardson, *s.v.*; last l., 'Amphrisus'—a feigned and (to me) unknown name.
- „ 67, l. 22, 'myrth was moane'—a common contemporary alliteration.

- Page 68, l. 15, 'enact' = cause; l. 29, 'beldame'— see Nares, *s.v.*, for examples of this long deteriorated word.
- „ 69, l. 11, 'belay'— nautical = fasten, or query = surround, as in Robert of Gloucester (Halliwell, *s.v.*)? or Spenser = 'cover'?
- „ 70, l. 1, 'no kind' = not natural; l. 9, 'was' = 't'was; l. 12, 'luld.' Cf. p. 67, last l. = hushed by lullaby; l. 13, 'corps' = corpus, body not corpse; l. 20, 'abound'— qu. misprinted for 'around? or perhaps for 'aboun' = above measure; l. 22, 'relenting' = smelting (Palsgrave, Halliwell, *s.v.*); last line, 'prie'd' = peeped. So p. 79, l. 20.
- „ 71, l. 13, 'sophistick' = wisely or well related; l. 20, 'he'— misprinted 'she' in the original, caused by 'strings,' albeit it might be = his lady-love's lute; l. 23, 'frats' = the points at which a string is to be stopped in lute or guitar, &c. (Nares, *s.v.*) So p. 76, l. 21; l. 24, 'pawsons'— Paveson, in Spanish, is a buckler or shield; but this does not seem applicable here. Query— was pavison or pavizone, the time or measure of the stately pavis? and so its beauty and stateliness making it (in his view) the model of heavenly strains; l. 26, 'buskey' = adjective of 'busk' as before, 'daly' of 'dale.'
- „ 72, l. 5, 'Imphes' = imps (in good sense, *r.g.*); l. 23, 'thee' = Corridon; l. 27, 'extort' = extorting or ravishing away.
- „ 73, l. 7, 'Comes' = Cumæ; l. 18, 'Vndoubting' = not doubting; l. 25, 'poar's' = pow'rs— so spelled *r.g.*; last line, 'On' = one.
- „ 74, l. 1, 'Aboue loue-drown'd'— misprinted in the original 'Aboue-loue drown'd'; l. 9, 'fits crown'd in a chayre'— see Introduction.
- „ 75, l. 3— line wants a syllable— query, 'paine[full]' or 'paine[d]'? l. 17, 'rauind' = greedy, feeding to repletion.
- „ 76, l. 9, 'facke,' *i.e.*, cause of sack; l. 17, 'trauell' = travail? l. 22, 'Orphe-like' = Orpheus; l. 28, 'Themmes' = Thames.
- „ 78, l. 4, 'relifh' = understand; l. 29— I have inserted '?' after 'why,' as before, and deleted comma (,) after 'durst.'
- „ 79, l. 24, 'sad' = sober; l. 19, 'foli' in = folly in.
- „ 80, l. 3, 'brack' = a scenting dog. See Nares, *s.v.*, for full note; l. 4, 'the other crie' = rest of pack; l. 6, 'bracks' = brakes; l. 8, 'to the foile' = hunting term for water.
- „ 81, l. 4, 'daly ground'— see p. 61, l. 22, and note; l. 16, 'infall' = stall in, mingle with; l. 28, 'fownd' = swoon.
- „ 84, l. 16, 'fad' = serious; ll. 17 and 18, onward— see our Introduction on this long passage on 'the scull'; l. 21, 'faund' = fawn'd, in good sense, *i.e.*, smiled or looked lovingly upon.
- „ 86, l. 7, 'foggie' = bloated; l. 10, 'her chimneis all were burn'd'— allusion to *lues ven.*, though burning was usually applied to a cognate disease; l. 11, 'Gallian' = Gallican, French; l. 17, 'creeke' = croak.
- „ 87, l. 18, 'bevrays' = open out.

- Page 88, l. 8, '*houres sunne*' — probably shows that the ordinary hour-glass in use really ran for an hour — like that of the pulpit of the jocose and popular Puritan divine who, after preaching an entire hour, said semi-irreverently 'We'll take another glass' — to the delight of his auditory; nor is this delight the phenomenon your cravers for fifteen-minute essays that usurp the name of sermons would have us believe in our own day. As the old Scotchman explained, 'It depends on who is in the pu'pit' [pulpit]; l. 12, '*hill*' = cover over with the small mound of the grave — or query = hull, enclose?
- „ 89, l. 5 = 'his body [doth] nothing craue'; l. 10, '*deeme*' = judge or distinguish; l. 15, '*remorse*' = pity.
- „ 90, l. 22, '*in directling*' = indirecting, *i.e.*, not directing, and therefore = ill-directing or directing crookedly.
- „ 91, l. 3 = [having] got; l. 14, '*filly*' = sickly or weakly; l. 28, '*all that seeks*' = singular verb after plural noun, 'that' intervening.
- „ 92, l. 9, '*heapes up*,' &c. — another example as in p. 91, l. 28, and note; l. 23, '*Celeno*' — evidently refers to the false thieves, as *Pride* does to the 'pride' spoken of before. Probably = *Celæno*, one of the Harpies; last line = he knows that he must only die from this world.
- „ 93, l. 23 = tongue [that]; l. 25, '*new Troy*' = London.
- „ 94, l. 1, '*Maudlin*' = Magdalene; l. 2, '*lemman*' = lover; *ibid.*, '*his*' = her husband's; *ibid.*, '*grift*' = grafted; l. 3, '*Maukin*' = hare; ll. 13-14 — a noticeable example of the influence of 'that' intervening between plural nom. and verb sing. with an example to the contrary in 'hoard.'
- „ 95, l. 9, '*Each on*' = each elected his seat, 'on' being inserted, *m.g.*; l. 12, '*brack*' — see p. 80, l. 3, and note; l. 17, '*ought*' = owed; l. 28, '*curst*' = ill-tempered.
- „ 96, l. 19, '*floweth*' — a third example (see p. 57, l. 10, and p. 64, l. 17) of the verb in 'th' following a plural nom.; l. 23, sing. verb following nom. plural, the author apparently misled (as Shakespeare) by the accusative sing. (here 'ship') preceding the verb.
- „ 97, l. 4, '*uncouth*' = unknown — a fine example of the word in this sense; l. 9, '*bray*' — curious application of the word, *v.g.*; l. 15, '*Doa*' = doe.
- „ 98, l. 6, '*tenure*' = tenor.
- „ 99, l. 19, '*remorse*' = pity, as before; l. 26, '*skants*' — a neuter verb = wants; l. 28 = that he [doth] wish.
- „ 101, l. 12, '*descri'd*' = discovered.
- „ 102, l. 5, '*Eliseu*' = plural of Elysium — not possibly Eliza[beth]; l. 6, '*deep'st*' — qu., misprint for 'deepes'? l. 18, '*told of Phillis ioye*' — see Introduction.
- „ 103, l. 5, '*nuroish*' — misplaced 'o'; l. 26, '*carriere*' — see Introduction. So p. 107, l. 5.

- Page 105, l. 7, '*bruted*' = bruited; l. 13, '*Lamprils*'—another feigned and (to me) unknown name.
- „ 106, l. 17, '*parle*' = parley, and so pronounced; l. 26, '*gads*' = goads or points.
- „ 107, l. 7, '*handy*' = adjective of hand, as before with '*daly*' and '*busky*'; l. 9, '*goes*'—again verb sing. nom. pl.
- „ 108, l. 6, '*rauin'd*' = ravin'd, as before.
- „ 109, l. 10, '*frontiers*' = ramparts of the town.
- „ 110, l. 5, '*fails*' = fail us; l. 24, '*pre-tend*' = draw out.
- „ 112, '*bandy*'—as in the game of Tennis; l. 19—I have supplied '*been*'—there is also understood [those] Grecians; l. 22, '*trauells*'—good example of verb sing. after nom. pl., '*that*' intervening = towards, as before.
- „ 115, l. 2, '*Inuironed*' = invironed; l. 22, '*leuerucke*' = laverock, lark—so in Scotland still; l. 25, '*Menmons*' = Memnon; *ibid.*, '*mother*' = Eos and Hemera.
- „ 116, l. 11, '*Vespasian*' = Vespasian; l. 25, '*delay*' = lay or keep off or back; last l., '*great Brittain*'—slowly creeping into use and ultimately becoming 'Great Britain.'
- „ 117, l. 8, '*copt*' = met; l. 12, '*land it*' = turn it to dry land.
- „ 118, l. 1, '*raine*'—reign; l. 13, '*bag'd droans*' = bag-pipes; l. 19, '*haully*' = haughty; l. 23, '*regardleffe*' = not to be regarded; l. 25, '*Ibeame*'—a manifest misprint, probably for '*Ibene*,' the Heben of Spenser and Hebenon of Shakespeare. Here (as is also shown in Spenser) = yew; l. 26, '*shean*' = crooked sword. See Nares, *s.v.*, for a full note, with examples.
- „ 119, l. 2, '*garish*' = magnificent, &c., but here (apparently) = wild (Halliwell, *s.v.*); l. 7, '*brays*' = rising ground, Scottice '*braes*' = brows. So in Scotch '*eye-brees*' = eye-brows.
- „ 120, l. 22, '*cope*' = met, so p. 117, l. 8, and note.
- „ 121, l. 8, '*nights trumpeters*' = night's trumpeter's, *i.e.*, the cock. Cf. p. 123, st. 2.
- „ 122, l. 9, '*all and some*' = the whole and each.
- „ 123, l. 9, '*Eurian*'—see Introduction.

A. B. G.

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and addresses of the members of the committee.

2.

3.

4.

## XXIX. ANTHONY SCOLOKER AND JOHN RAYNOLDS.

Introduction, p. x. l. 33, 'left' for 'best' is an awkward misprint.

Page 3, l. 7 (from foot), 'Coriuall'—Shakespearean word.

„ 4, l. 3, 'diuine Tobacco'—it may be noted that we find the same epithet in Spenser (*Fairy Queen*, iii. v. 32); l. 10, 'Etatis sua,' &c.  
 "Whose picture is this? *Anno Domini*, 1599. Believe me, Master *Anno Domini* was of a good settled age when you lymned him, 1599 years old! Lets see the other. *Etatis sua* 24, Bir Ladie, he is somewhat younger. Belike Master *Etatis sua* was *Anno Dominie's sonne*."—Marston's *Antonio and Mellide*, Part I. (Halliwell's ed., i. 55.) Either Scoloker refers to this, or the anecdote comes from some jest book which both Marston and he used.

„ 6, l. 9, 're-cure'—Shakespearean word—*Richard III.*, 3, vii. 130.

„ 20, l. 6, "Love indeed is anything, yet indeed is nothing."—*Song* in Middleton's *Blurt Master Constable*, 1602; l. 24.

"But who those ruddy lips can misse  
 Which blessed still themselves doe kisse?"

—*Sidney's Arcadia*.

„ 25, "Oh eyes, no eyes, but Stars still clearly shining,

Oh face, no face, but Shape of Asquell's fashion;

Oh lips, no lips, but blisse by kisse retaining,

Oh heart, no heart, but of true love right Pathos."

„ 26, l. 10—corrupt. Query, "His Kisse: as 'ere the'st Parthosy and  
 long! Till all these time . . ."

„ 31, l. 1, 'chastity'—*Shakespearean word*.

„ 35, l. 13. See *Introduction to Sidney's Arcadia*, p. 111, for *burden*  
*—Introduction*.

„ 46, l. 11, 'pore-hood'—*Shakespearean word*, *pore-hood*, says that the *capitulum* is  
 "the *pore-hood* is some unknown with the body of the *pore*."

„ 50, l. 7, 'fancie'—*Shakespearean word*.

„ 55, l. 12, 'the'—*Shakespearean word*, 'the' was in 'the' and 'the'.

„ 60, l. 12, 'Amorose'—*Shakespearean word*, *Amorose* is *Amorose*.

„ 70, l. 2, 'coru'—*Shakespearean word*, 'coru' is 'coru'.

„ 71, l. 24, 'pore-hood'—*Shakespearean word*, 'pore-hood' is 'pore-hood'.

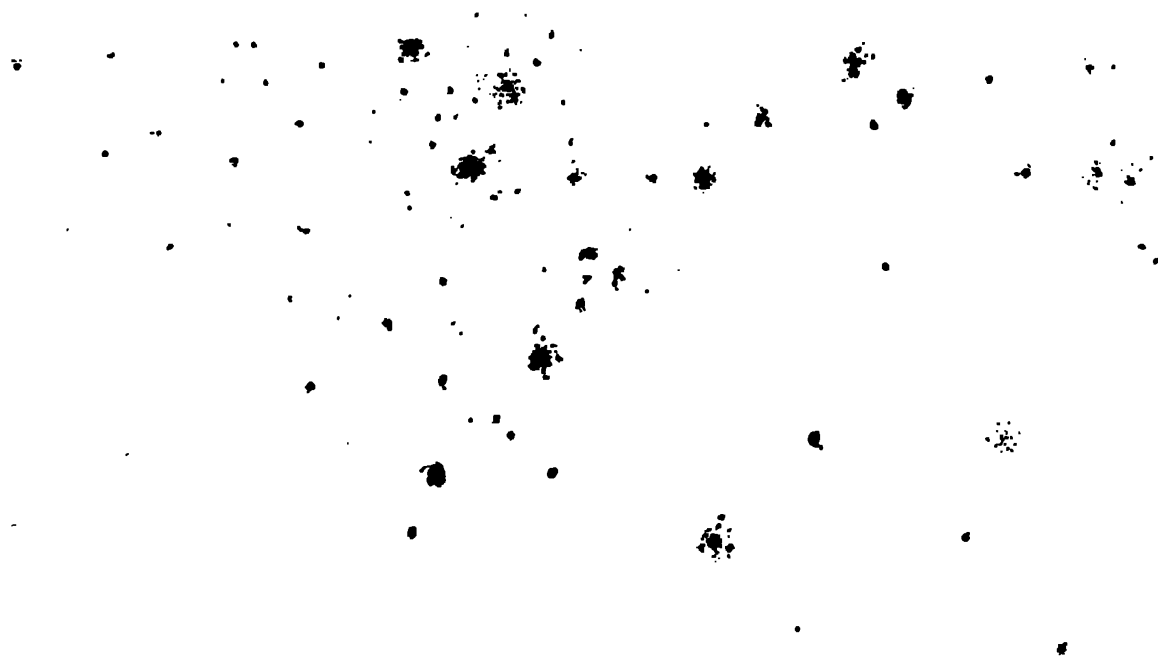
„ 72, l. 24, 'pore-hood'—*Shakespearean word*, 'pore-hood' is 'pore-hood'.

'the',



### *Notes and Illustrations.*

- 1. The name *Thames* is almost exactly parallel to Lovelace's 'Will an allegory *Thames*,' the name *Thames* standing for water in general, according to the well-known Virgilian premisses. The only explanation of the passage (p. 66, l. 30) one can think of is that the brook or fountain is spoken of as the name = *gundlingham* of Amphrysos, the god of the *gundlingham* of the name.
- 2. The name *Thames* is *gundlingham*.
- 3. The name *Thames* is *gundlingham* — early instance of the word. *Thames* is *gundlingham* of 1661.



„ 76, l. 28, *Ital.* 'miric Themmes'; almost exactly parallel to Lovelace's "With no allaying Thames," the name Thames standing for water in general, according to the well-known Virgilian precedent. The only explanation of the passage (p. 66, l. 30) one can think of is that the brook or fountain is spoken of as the niece ( - granddaughter) of Amphrysus, the god of the classical river of that name.

„ 100, l. 7, for 'payne' read 'pine.'

„ 118, l. 5 (from foot) 'durt' = dirk — early instance of the word. Richardson's earliest is of 1661.

